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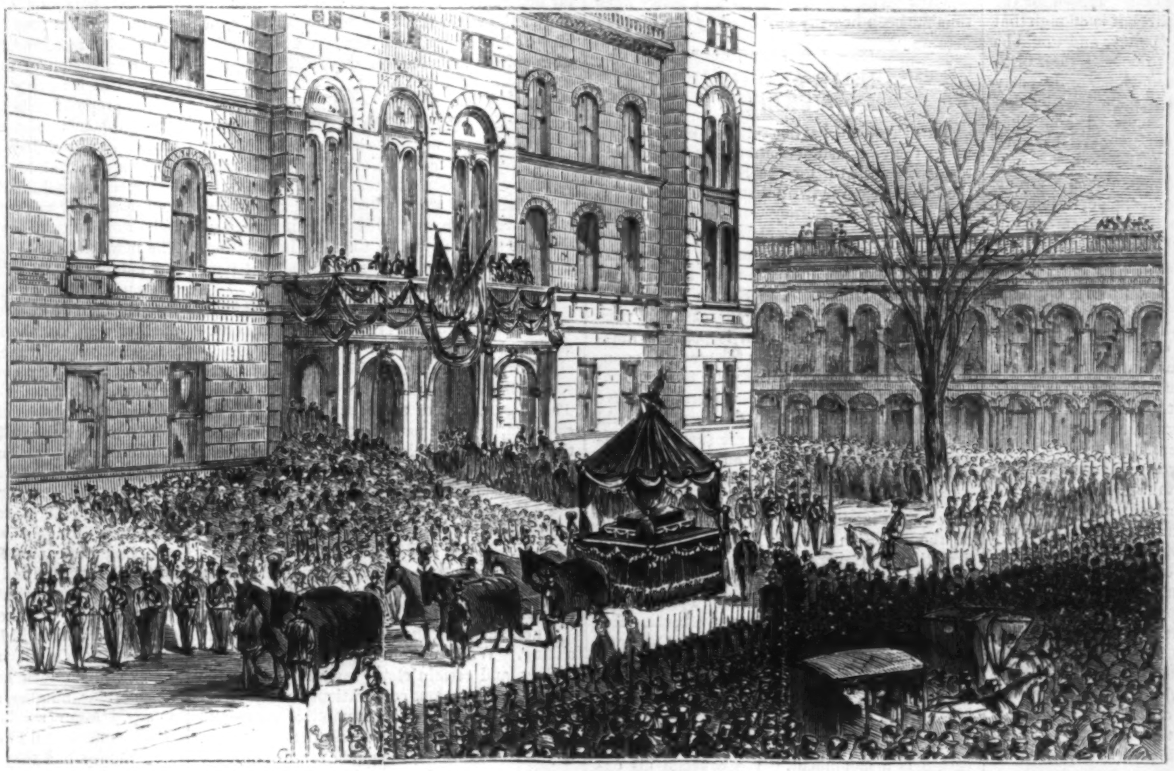
THE LAST HONORS.

The last funeral honors to the memory of George Peabody have been paid; and his mortal remains, attended to the grave with more pomp and ceremony than were ever before witnessed at the burial of a private citizen, now repose in their final resting-place. On Tuesday, the 1st of February, after solemn services in the City Hall of Portland, the body was taken to the funeral train, and conveyed to the town of Peabody in the funeral car of which we have already given an engraving. In the towns all along the route flags were flying at half-mast, and people from the surrounding country flocked in crowds to the stations to watch the train as it moved by.



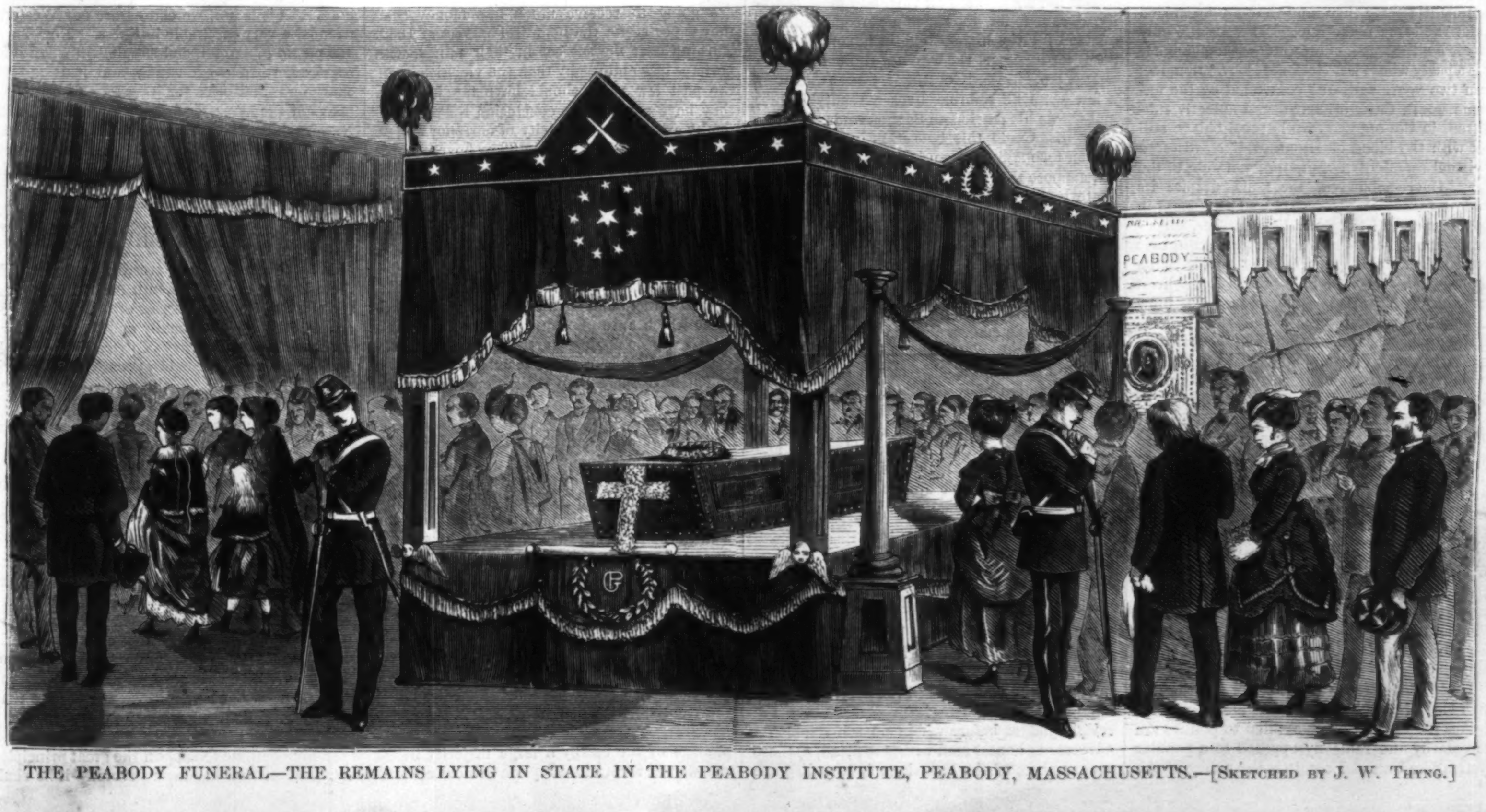
THE PEABODY FUNERAL—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT THE CITY HALL, PORTLAND.—[Phot. by J. W. Black, Boston.]

On reaching Peabody a procession was formed, and the remains were taken to the Institute, where they lay in state until Tuesday, the 8th inst., in the Library-room, which was appropriately draped and decorated. Our engraving of the room on this page shows the position of the body on the magnificent catafalque prepared for its reception. At the end of the room is seen the portrait of Queen Victoria. Above the catafalque hang the royal flag of England and the American flag, both artistically draped with crape. At the other end of the room the bust of the deceased, that occupies the space above the door, is also draped with mourning. The catafalque is a raised dais, ten feet in length and six feet in width, covered with black velvet. From each corner rises a standard, supporting a frame-work of the same size as the base, and about six inches in width. Pendent from this are heavy black velvet hangings, artistically cut, and trimmed with a wreath of silvery stars, inclosing a large star, on each of the four sides, and heavy silver bullion fringe, with wide silver braid above it, and massive silver tassels appropriately placed. Above the hangings a neat silver moulding, on a black velvet ground-work, meets the eye. Above this is a row of silver stars, and another moulding that rises to a peak on each of the four sides, containing emblems of mourning in silver. The one on the front end has two reversed torches crossed; on the rear the hour-glass, with the wings of Time, are to be seen; and on either side a large silver star, encircled by the emblem of eternity—an endless snake. On each corner arises an elegant arabesque ornament in silver, surmounted with handsome funeral plumes. In front, on the base, is the monogram of the deceased in silver letters on a black velvet ground-work, inclosed in a laurel wreath in silver, pendent from a leaning pole, surmounted by a knot and rosette of silver. On each corner of the base are cherubs' heads with angels' wings, in silver, the whole being arranged in the ancient Grecian style, at once elegant and artistic.

Our engraving of the reception of the remains at the City Hall of Portland, on their being transferred from the *Monarch*, is from a photograph by Mr. J. W. Black, of Boston, to whom we are frequently indebted for similar favors.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Mr. Nast's powerful and striking cartoon, which the reader will find on page 121, tells its own story too well to require much explanation; but it may not be out of place to set forth some of the facts that justify the artist's work. A circular recently issued by the committee of the Union League Club upon the diversion of the public moneys of New York city from the legitimate objects of political government to sectarian purposes shows that this evil, which began a short time ago under the specious form of begging from the city treasury a small sum for a deserving charity, has made such gigantic strides that it now absorbs half a million dollars annually, and that the greater part of this sum is used for the purpose of destroying our admirable system of common schools. Of this large sum a single sect receives over four hundred thousand dollars, in addition to gifts of real estate from the city government, for sectarian purposes, amounting to three million two hundred thousand dollars. The following list shows how this money was distributed last year: Roman Catholic, $412,062 26; Protestant Episcopal, $29,335 09; Hebrew, $14,404 49; Reformed Dutch, $12,630 86;



THE PEABODY FUNERAL—THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE PEABODY INSTITUTE, PEABODY, MASSACHUSETTS.—[Sketched by J. W. Thyng.]

Presbyterian, $8363 44; Baptist, $2760 34; Methodist Episcopal, $3073 63; German Evangelical, $2027 24; miscellaneous, $44,085 12.

Glancing over this list, we do not wonder that, as stated in a letter from Rome, the Holy Father has expressed his gratification at the progress of the Church in America, and declared that the Republic of the United States was the republic of intelligence and virtue. But it must be remembered that his standard of intelligence and virtue is not that of America, but that of Spain.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1870.

THE AMENDMENT AND THE TWO PARTIES.

ALTHOUGH the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment formally completes the reconstruction of the Union, it is by no means, as is hastily assumed by many eager Democrats, also the end of the work of the Republican party. Even if there were no other reason for the continued action of that party, it is enough that the opposition propose no policy, and would be sorely at a loss if driven to declare their principles. Since the war the Democratic party has opposed reconstruction upon theories and prejudices which the war abolished, and it has no plan to meet the situation inevitably produced by the Fifteenth Amendment, which it denounces as unconstitutional. It is a strong party, because fraud, ignorance, superstition, and passion are its allies. It has gained certain apparent successes, because of the necessary reaction against a party long in power, because of some of the mistakes of that party, and because of the unscrupulousness of the Democratic managers. The great Democratic achievement since the war is obtaining power in the State of New York. But Governor HOFFMAN can hardly believe that he was honestly elected; nor would Mr. SWEENY, the New York Dictator of his party, probably deny that the State, honestly polled, is Republican.

In a free government parties are not only organizations to secure certain policies—they are also representatives of certain tendencies and principles in human nature and society. It is a very imperfect and mistaken view, therefore, which does not embrace both these facts. The Republican party apparently began with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and first nominated a candidate for the Presidency in 1856. But the essential truth is, that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise plainly revealed to the people of this country who honestly respected liberty as the foundation of the government the real spirit, purpose, and tendency of the Democratic party. The Whigs stupidly tried to evade the situation, and when the thunder was already angrily roaring, played that it was pleasant weather. They instantly disappeared amidst universal contempt; and the great issue was at once joined. On the one hand were those who believed in the American principle, on the other those who disbelieved. At the polls and in the field the conflict has raged until the present moment. The believers have thus far been successful; but the unbelievers do not relinquish the struggle. Is this the moment for the victors to disband?

The spirit and tendency which the repeal of the Missouri Compromise revealed in the country still exist. They were organized in the Democratic party then, and they are organized under the same name now. The specific purpose is not the same, but the spirit is unchanged. It is a party whose last National Convention, less than two years ago, was controlled by the extreme South Carolina spirit, and abjectly submitted, in the old way, while rebel chiefs, still wet with the blood of Union soldiers, dictated a virtual repudiation of the national debt of the war. Overwhelmed at the polls, despite its boldest frauds, it has resisted step by step, in Congress and in the State Legislatures, reconstruction upon equal rights; and, baffled in that wretched effort, it turns in the moment of its final defeat and exclaims, "The Republican party has fulfilled its mission, and we must now be intrusted with power!"

Upon what compulsion? What conceivable reason is there for supposing that the Democratic party, whose steady hostility to the principles of the war and the policy of reconstruction is notorious, will more wisely maintain that policy and those principles than the party whose strength lies in its honest adhesion to justice and freedom? Or why should the country suppose that a party the effects of whose undisputed supremacy may be studied in the city of New York would give it a more honest or a more orderly government? And if the party of slavery would be an ill-chosen defender of liberty, why should we expect a government of intelligence from the party of ignorance? The Democratic party is unchanged. What policy fatal to our institutions may not count upon its support?

Look at one fact. The principles of the Roman Church, which is the most absolute of religious despotisms, when applied to politics are necessarily and radically opposed to a popular system like ours. Now, it is the policy of the Roman Church to engage in politics every where. The Pope, in his Syllabus, declares that human governments are subordinate to the Church. Already the purpose of that Church in this State and country is frankly announced by its priests. It is the overthrow of the American system of unsectarian schools, which is the bulwark of our political system. This is a movement dictated in the interest of a powerful and absolute ecclesiastical body, essentially repugnant to all American principles, and necessarily menacing to the happy continuance of the government—and upon what does it depend for support? Upon the old lackey of slavery, the Democratic party. It is but another illustration of the unchanged nature of that party. The assault upon the American public school system is important solely because it will have the aid of the Democratic party. And since it still remains organized and formidable, although its policy for a generation has been scornfully repudiated by the people, and every one of its measures has been defeated, can any respectable reason be offered why the Republican party should be expected to dissolve because its principles and policy have thus far been heartily approved by the people?

MR. HOAR AND GENERAL SICKLES.

THE President having satisfied himself that, under the circumstances, there was no desirable resident candidate for the Supreme Bench in the late Judge WAYNE's district, nominated to that position the Attorney-General of the United States—a man of spotless character, of conceded ability, of admirable legal learning, of great experience upon the bench, and an original, inflexible Republican. The Senate has refused to confirm him. The alleged reason is non-residence: the actual reason is political independence. Mr. HOAR being rejected, the country is yet to see what will be the fate of General SICKLES. If party considerations have decided the action in the first case, it should not be forgotten that there are such considerations involved in the second. The Republican party comprises the great body of the intelligence of the country. What will be the effect upon intelligent and self-respecting men of the rejection of Mr. HOAR and the confirmation of General SICKLES? Of course it will be a notification to the Executive that the one is a representative of the kind of nomination which will be favorably received, the other of a kind that will not be tolerated. Can such a notification be made by a Republican Senate without—to say no more—seriously disturbing the Republican party?

We frankly acknowledge the patriotic services of General SICKLES, of which his maimed person is a monument. We concede his experience and ability. We grant that when the Republicans of New York made him a delegate at large to the National Convention they surrendered the right to protest against any further honor that might be offered him as a consequence of the action of that Convention. Above all, we allow with those who most strongly urge his confirmation that he has been the object of a great deal of foul, and, doubtless, of very much false vituperation; and that a man who seeks by good conduct to obliterate the remembrance of evil courses should not be relentlessly cast back and refused even a chance of reformation.

But having granted all this, and most heartily, does it follow that such a person should be selected for the highest public honors? Suppose, for instance, the worst of the unfortunate clergyman, HORACE COOKE. Suppose that after a few years he reforms, lives a reputable life, and shows his patriotism as thousands of others show it. Could this be seriously urged as a reason for making him a bishop in his Church? Or, suppose that some young man is sent to the State Prison for forgery. He serves his time humbly and patiently, and returns to society a reformed man. Can those who do not think that he should be selected for especial public honor be fairly accused of forbidding him to rise, and of refusing him Christian sympathy?

The essential reason of the objection to General SICKLES's confirmation is evident to every generous mind. The Republican party has a right to demand that this reason should influence the action of the Senate. If any body is disposed to quote the Prodigal Son, let him remember that the father, with all his joy, did not prefer the prodigal to the older son, and that it was to the older that he said, "All that I have is thine." We are sincerely sorry that the nomination was made, and as sincerely we hope it will not be confirmed.

THE DISGRACE OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

THERE are lawyers in New York who are just as heartily ashamed of the ill fame of the profession here, both in some of its representatives upon the bench and at the bar, as all other intelligent and honorable people. There are certain judges before whom no self-respecting advocate or honest man wishes to plead, as there are members of the bar whom it is a disgrace to be compelled to recognize as professional peers. A distinguished lawyer, who sent his wine at a public table to a certain judge, said, when his friend remonstrated, "I don't want to get his ill-will;" and such is the condition of the judiciary in this city, that when the charge is publicly made that some of the judges who sit in the most important cases are notoriously corrupt, every body shrugs his shoulders and assents, but names no names lest he should fall into the hands of one of those magistrates, and have ingenious revenge dealt out to him for justice. There are magistrates and lawyers who are known to be as much the property of certain men and corporations as GURTH was the thrall of CEDRIC the Saxon. If they wore a collar like GURTH's, inscribed with their owner's name, they would not be more plainly and disgracefully labeled than they are.

The honor of a great profession was never more smirched than that of the law in the city of New York to-day, and it is not surprising that the better part of the profession intend to consider whether it is not possible to do something to redeem it. It is certainly practicable for honorable lawyers to show to the profession and to the world that they despise shysters, of high or low degree, and that men who practice dishonorably, in whatever way, will be stigmatized by those who do not. Such a pressure of opinion can be applied that a man will pause before accepting the largest retainers for undertaking the most despicable work. Money is very powerful in New York; but we all know men who have bought great fortunes too dearly. There are men, noted in their pursuits, who have given every thing for money, and they are so shunned that they live in isolation. Their power may make them feared, but their use of it makes them despised.

Let it be understood that a similar fate awaits any magistrate or lawyer who thrives dishonorably, and a line will be drawn between honorable lawyers and others, which will be of signal service both to the profession and to the public. The degradation of the bench is doubtless occasioned, in great part, by the system of election instead of appointment; and if the recent meeting and deliberation of the profession should result in an organized effort to secure the adoption of the proposition of the new Judiciary article to return to the appointment system, it will be a worthy result. Moreover, the moral influence of a professional protest, not against persons, but against infamous professional practices, will be of the utmost service.

Public acquiescence in immorality is demoralizing. When certain notorious men sit as judges, and certain clever lawyers become the tools of unscrupulous corporations, and serve, for hire, the purposes of contemptible men—and such judges and such lawyers there are in the city of New York—if the public sense of decency does not express in some decisive and forcible manner its abhorrence and disgust, it is a sign of an alarming decay of the public virtue, and a surrender of power to dishonesty, which can end only in some general catastrophe.

A TUB TO A WHALE.

THE people of the West are generally feeling poor. They have been selling their No. 2 wheat at 80 cents instead of $1 50 as last year; they are discovering that, owing to accidents in harvesting, an unusually large proportion of the crop will class as No. 3; on the whole, they are going to receive much less money than they expected for the bountiful harvest of 1869. Turning over the subject in their minds, with perhaps less philosophy than the vicissitudes of the past few years should have taught them, they have come to the conclusion that the difficulty arises from a scarcity of currency and an insufficient supply of banks. They have, accordingly, instructed their Representatives in Congress to insist on an extension of the national banking system, and the result is Senator SHERMAN's Currency bill, which passed the Senate on the 3d inst.

This bill authorizes the issue of $45,000,000 more bank currency to be put forth by new banks, against a like amount of three per cent. certificates which are to be canceled; and after this issue has been made, a further sum of $20,000,000 of bank currency, to be taken from the States which have more than their proportion of the $300,000,000 now afloat, and given to those which have less.

This would appear, on its face, to be an increase of the volume of irredeemable paper-money to the extent of forty-five millions. And in this view it would seem singular that the passage of the bill through the Senate did not lead to the least advance in gold at New York, in cotton at New Orleans, or in wheat at Chicago. If the West is right in its theory, that the cause of the prevailing poverty in that section is the want of bank currency, how does it happen that a promise of 15 per cent. more currency meets with no response in the Western markets, sensitive as they are?

No action has yet been taken on the bill in the House of Representatives. It is presumed, however, that the influences which led to the passage of the bill by a large majority in the Senate will secure its adoption without material amendment by the House. We see no reason why it should not become a law, if the West wants it.

For it is, in simple truth, a mere "tub to the whale," and does not matter one iota, one way or the other.

The idea that money can be made more abundant, and that prices can be made to advance, by the establishment of new banks under the national system, is very ludicrous. Every one has laughed at the simplicity of the rogue in the old play who proposed to his "pal" to "start a bank" by way of supplying their necessities. But really, in view of recent discussions in Congress, it seems proper to state gravely that banks are mere custodians, not creators, of capital; and that capital and currency are two very different things.

The West and the South lack capital. They are, comparatively speaking, new countries. They are growing rich very fast indeed; but they are not yet as rich as the East, or as the wealthy parts of Europe. The demand for capital in the West is so far in excess of the supply that the value of money averages nearly one per cent. a month. Western merchants who desire to do business on borrowed money chafe at the high rate, and fancy it could be reduced by an extension of the national banking system. But for every dollar of currency issued by the proposed new banks, one dollar and ten cents, in bonds, must be deposited at Washington, and every dollar of discounts must be offset by a dollar of deposits. If a thousand new banks, with a million capital each, were authorized to-morrow at the West, money—*i. e.*, capital—would not be any more abundant there. The new banks could not issue currency without lodging bonds with the Bureau, and they could not lend any more money than people left with them on deposit. Capital, which is merely another word for the savings of a community, is the growth of time, the fruit of prosperous trade and industry continued through a series of years. To fancy it can be suddenly secured, through the establishment of banks, is just as idle as to seek the philosopher's stone. In the course of a generation or two money will naturally fall to three or four per cent. in New York, six to seven per cent. in Cincinnati and Chicago, and eight to nine per cent. in San Francisco. But this will be the fruit of the accumulation of capital from long-continued profits from trade and industry, and the result can not be quickened by the establishment of banks.

It is not at all likely that any considerable number of banks will be established under Senator SHERMAN's bill, if it becomes a law. Of the existing sixteen hundred national banks, a considerable number are making little or no money. Many stockholders in Western national banks would have done much better with their money had they kept it in hand, instead of investing it in bank stock. Banking in a new country, where the people are rich in every thing except money, is by no means a flourishing business. A Western or Southern bank has no deposits to speak of, for the customers of the bank have but little money to deposit. But they all want discounts. The country merchant, the miller, the farmer, the forwarder, all have their little notes which must be discounted. When the bank has exhausted its capital, it can only meet these demands by becoming a borrower, in its turn, of its correspondents in New York. And it is notorious that, during at least half the year, the country banks in the West are in debt to their friends here. This is not, we can assure our Western friends, a very profitable business. New York has plenty of capital, and supplies it, when it is required, with lavish hand; and it is apt to charge a round price for its use. To establish banks at the West, which will be dependent on New York for the money they will have to lend to their home customers, is a business in which a "good hater" might fairly wish to embark his enemy.

SENATOR REVELS.

IT is a curious and interesting fact that with the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and the close of the great series of measures of reconstruction which formally end the war, a living symbol of the victory of equal rights which has been achieved should appear in the Senate of the United States in the person of Mr. REVELS, the colored Senator from Mississippi. It is no less striking and significant that the papers which always toadied the great slave-drivers in Congress gibe and sneer at the new Senator, not because of any want of capacity, any fault of character, or any defect of manner, but solely because of color. If Mr. REVELS shall prove to be as shallow as Mr. WIGFALL, as arrogant as Mr. TOOMBS, as false to his country as Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS; and if, like those ancient Democratic Senators and all their brethren, he shall devote all his energies to the perpetuity and extension of the most un-American, the most disastrous, and the most inhuman policy that was ever proposed in the Legislature of a civilized nation, we shall agree that the Democratic gibes are well deserved.

If, on the other hand, he shall modestly and steadily continue to support the great principles to which his life has been devoted—if he shall continue to do all that he can to elevate and enlighten the most unfortunate class of American citizens, to establish securely that policy of equal rights among the people which is alone truly American and democratic, to cultivate universal sympathy and fraternity, and to hold the Union to the great and humane purposes for which it is declared in the Constitution to be established—if he proves by his Senatorial course his faith in popular government, in liberty, in justice, as the best guarantees of civilization and progress, and the greatest good of the greatest number, he will do what neither Mr. Wigfall, nor Mr. Toombs, nor Mr. Slidell, nor Mr. Mason, nor Mr. Jefferson Davis, nor any of the Democratic Senators ever did, and will commend himself, as they certainly never did, to the grateful remembrance and honor of his fellow-citizens.

PANDORA'S BOX.

The recent summary execution of Salnave in Hayti violently turns public attention to that island and its sisters in the Gulf, and impressively suggests the question whether this is the kind of population that it is desirable to add to ours. The history of Hayti is a tale of blood. The negroes were cruelly wronged in the beginning, and they have fearfully revenged themselves. There is no occasion for denouncing them. Every sneer and execration leveled at them recoils with tenfold force upon the men of our own color. But what good reason can be urged that the United States should incorporate into themselves all this radically alien and essentially perilous element? Coffee and sugar and tobacco are not reasons for adding the most discordant elements to our population, in which the fires of old hate and jealousy still slumber.

Nor must it be forgotten that the victorious party in the Haytien war, whose leaders have just shot Salnave, are also a party in the Dominican troubles at the other end of the island. Salnave was captured by the Dominican General Cabral, who is in arms against Baez, from whom we propose to lease the Bay of Samana, and under whose auspices San Domingo itself is to become ours. The party triumphant in Hayti is the party opposed to the annexation of San Domingo. Is it worth while for us to pay large sums of money for a territory wholly alien, and upon which there is a party victorious in arms bitterly opposed to the sale? Do we wish to annex civil wars and hatreds and heart-burnings? Do we wish an island which we can keep in order only by an army, and consequent greatly increased military expenses? If the whole population of Hayti and the Dominican republic, facetiously so called, should unite in asking to pay ten millions of dollars to be admitted to the Union, it might become necessary to allow that the destiny was too manifest to be resisted. But a commercial intrigue against which the leaders in power upon the island protest is not manifest destiny by any means. If we wish a naval station in the West Indies, we have agreed in honor to take St. Thomas, and the taking involves no hatred, no barbarism, and nothing but the addition of a few thousands of peaceful Danes to the population. In both cases, as proposed, we pay money; but let us be very careful that we buy something, and are not sold in the transaction.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes on the 9th of January from Port-au-Prince, that Hayti is ready to enter upon a career of peace. On the 10th of January the Dominican Cabral captured Salnave and delivered him to the provisional Haytien authorities. On the 15th Salnave arrived at Port-au-Prince. Immediately upon his arrival, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he was tried by the revolutionary tribunal. At twenty minutes past six he was shot. The people are said to have danced and sung when it was known that Salnave was brought in a prisoner. But three years ago they danced and sung when he appeared as President. To-day it is Saget who takes Salnave's first place. To-morrow he will probably take his last. The Haytien struggle, as the *Tribune* correspondent says, is to prevent "an entire relapse of Haytien society into barbarism." We ask again, is this a struggle and a society which patriotism or good sense requires that the United States should embrace? If the San Domingo treaty shall be reported for ratification by the Foreign Committee of the Senate, the country has a right to expect the most conclusive statement of the advantages which will be secured by it to this country, and an equally conclusive reply to the obvious and stringent reasons for letting the island severely alone.

STATE OF THE LAW AS TO USURY.

The decisions recently made in various portions of the State on this subject show the need of a uniform regulation applicable to the whole country. In a late suit brought by the Lake Ontario National Bank of Oswego, in which the defense of usury was maintained, Judge Mullen, of the Supreme Court, held that the State law did not apply, as the loan on which excessive interest was paid or agreed upon was made by a national bank, and that Congress had provided for the case.

Under our State law the whole debt, principal and interest, would have been forfeited. The act approved June 3, 1864, known as the National Bank Act, provides that in case a greater rate of interest shall be knowingly taken or reserved by any such institution than the rate allowed by the laws of the State or Territory in which the bank shall be located, it shall be adjudged a forfeiture "of the entire *interest* which the note, bill, or other evidence of debt carries with it, or which has been agreed to be paid thereon."

It should be stated, in justification of the bank, that only seven per cent. interest was actually taken at the time of the loan; but there was an agreement on the part of the debtor to pay, in addition to the principal, "exchange on New York"—a point which it is unnecessary to explain, as, under the circumstances, it was found to be usurious.

Appeal from the ruling of the Circuit Judge was taken and argued before Judge Bacon, who, at Special Term, affirmed the decision, and the defense was abandoned. The *Bankers' Magazine* states that Judge Morgan, of the same judicial district, and Judge Rosencrans, in another, had made the same decision. The case before Judge Rosencrans was one in which The First National Bank of Whitehall was plaintiff.

The defendants in the several cases contended that the act of Congress, with respect to usury, was merely cumulative; that it left the State law in full operation; and if it went beyond this, and superseded the State law, that the act of Congress was void. These points were overruled, and the decision may now be regarded as the settled law on the subject. The power of Congress to prescribe a rule in this respect, applicable to the national banks and their customers, is unquestionably derived from the specific grant of authority "to regulate commerce among the several States." As this authority is general, if there is power to affix the penalty for taking usurious interest in any case which arises in one of the States, it may be extended to all other cases. There would be a great defect in our system if it were impossible for the General Government to prescribe the penalty in all cases.

The laws of the respective States on this subject are various. In some States the principal and interest are both forfeited, in some only the interest is forfeited; in others the excess of interest over and above the prescribed rate; while in some twice, and in others thrice, the regular rate is forfeited. By the act of Congress approved June 3, 1864, above referred to, if the rate of interest paid by a borrower is usurious, the latter may recover from the bank "twice the amount of interest so paid."

Certainly there would seem to be no good reason for establishing different penalties in the different States for a violation of usury laws. A person living in a State where only the excess of interest is forfeited might, in his dealings with a neighboring borrower, living in an adjoining State, where the whole principal and interest are forfeited, be seduced into making a loan in the latter in ignorance of that severe penalty, and thus lose his whole debt. We are now bound together in close commercial interest—closer than formerly, on account of the creation of the national banks on a system which requires that the circulation of one shall be accepted by the others to a certain extent; and it would seem to be reasonable that commerce shall not be confused with divers penalties and different rules of law in such transactions. The mere fact that the General Government has interfered in this matter at all, is a sufficient reason for advancing to the passage of a general regulation, inasmuch as its act, now in existence, adds one more to the immense variety of penalties and punishments.

The concurrence of several courts in the decision that Congress has not passed beyond the true boundary of its powers into the region appropriated by our system to individual States, is an answer in part to the unjust clamor that there is a tendency in the Republican administration to usurp, and improperly extend, the national authority.

Before the war there was a decided tendency in the opposite direction, due to the claim that the weight of sovereignty resided in the States, and they were allowed to legislate on many subjects over which the power of the General Government was exclusive whenever it chose to legislate. Thus it was held that the insolvent laws of States might be enforced until Congress chose to act by passing a uniform bankrupt law, when instantly State laws inconsistent with it were held to be invalid. The power of the Union existed from the beginning, but it was suffered to be dormant until occasion arose for its exercise. So the power *to regulate* excludes the idea that any other can make regulations applicable to the same thing.

It would seem, therefore, to be wise to pass a general law to create uniformity in these penalties and punishments; so that, in order to be safe in dealings between citizens of different States, it shall not be necessary to know the various rules which appertain to every particular State, to be derived from various and, to the uninitiated, inaccessible statute books.

THE LABOR CONVENTION UPON INTEREST.

The late Labor Convention in Boston debated resolutions which condemned the taking of interest under any pretext, inasmuch as it made labor subservient to capital. A very simple explanation clears this confusion.

Our paper-money is a promise to pay the gold and silver dollar, of a certain weight and fineness, of one or the other of those metals, as specified in acts of Congress. These metals, into which our circulating medium must ultimately be resolved, are procured from the earth by *labor*. They may be said to be, therefore, the sole product of *labor;* and hence every law which strips them of any faculty is a blow at labor itself. If their creation was wholly artificial, and their commercial value was derived principally or largely from legislative acts, and the legislative power was lodged in aristocratic hands, there would be some ground for the denunciation of the resolutions. But as their value in exchange is due chiefly to the amount of useful labor which the coin represents, and which drew from Galiani the remark we quoted in a recent article, that "man—that is to say, his labor—is the only true measure of value," the attack of members of the Convention was leveled at the very cause they represented.

NOTES.

In discussing the school question it must not be forgotten that what the enemies of our present system really demand is not the exclusion of the Bible, but the division of the school-money among the sects proportionally to numbers. The Rev. Mr. Preston, to whose discourse upon this subject we have already referred, and who states distinctly the claim of the Roman Catholic clergy, says: "We have never regarded the reading of appropriate portions of the Bible as any great objection in itself to our Public Schools, provided that it be done without comment or attempts at interpretation." And he adds: "The exclusion of the Bible would not render the Common Schools satisfactory to us, for this alone would not make them non-sectarian." And again: "With our convictions of duty, no schools will satisfy us but those in which we can *teach* our religion." The scope of this demand, therefore, is, that the State shall provide for teaching every sectarian view of religion, and that the Mormons shall receive their share of the public money to be applied to teaching Mormonism. Mr. Preston "emphatically" denies any hostility to the Public Schools. "We do not wish them destroyed," he says. But he knows, of course, that his proposition is radically antagonistic to the present system. The principle of the school system now is that the State supports no church. The schools are neither Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, nor Unitarian. But he would have the State support every sect. The contest is vital, for it involves the American idea of government.

Senator Wilson's bill for a pension for Mrs. Lincoln should be passed without hesitation, but with an increase of the amount. Two thousand dollars is not enough. The subscription for the family of General Rawlins and of Mr. Stanton will doubtless yield an income of two or three times that sum, and we do not believe that the people of this country are unwilling to make a suitable and handsome provision for the widow of the murdered President if they are willing to make any, of which there can be no doubt. It is a national shame that it has been so long delayed, and Congress must see by the hearty welcome with which the press has received the proposition of the pension, that it is the wish of the loyal nation for whom the late President laid down his life.

In an admirable little paper upon Secretary Stanton, in the *Army and Navy Journal*, we find this characteristic story, which the writer, evidently an intimate personal friend of Mr. Stanton, gives in his own words. It is not the less valuable that it was told in kindly defense of Mrs. Lincoln: "The second day after I took office, one of those indescribable half loafers, half gentlemen, came into my office, and handed me a card from Mrs. Lincoln, asking that the man be made a commissary. I said, 'There is no place for you, and if there were, the fact that you bring me such a card would prevent my giving it to you;' and I tore the card up. The next day he came with a kind of small triumph in his eye, and handed me a formal letter from Mrs. Lincoln, making the same request. I said, 'I told you yesterday there was no place for you—there never will be one while I am Secretary.' I tore up the letter, saying, 'I will see Mrs. Lincoln.' During the day I called upon her, and said, 'I thought it only proper to call upon you, Madam, regarding a card and letter I have received from you.' She said, 'Yes, Mr. Secretary, I thought that as wife of the President I was entitled to ask for so small a favor.' I said, 'Madam, we are in the midst of a great war for national existence. Our success depends upon the people. My first duty is to the people of the United States; my next duty is to protect your husband's honor and your own. If I should make such appointments, I should strike at the very root of all confidence of the people in the government, in your husband, and you and me.' She said at once: 'Mr. Stanton, you are right, and I will never ask you for any thing again,' and she never did."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

January 31.—In the Senate, almost every member presented petitions for the abolition of the franking privilege.—In the House, bills were introduced to admit Mississippi; to remove all political disabilities; to grant belligerent rights to Cuba; to establish the salaries of Senators and Representatives at $3000 a year, and reduce the mileage to ten cents; and for apprenticeships in the navy.

February 1.—In the Senate, progress was made with the Currency bill, but final action was not taken.—In the House, the Tariff bill was reported, and after debate was ordered to be printed.

February 2.—In the Senate, the Currency bill was passed by a vote of 39 to 23.—In the House, a resolution was introduced by Mr. Logan, looking to the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents. A bill to establish a uniform system of naturalization was reported.

February 3.—In the Senate, a resolution was introduced to inquire into the expediency of establishing a National Police force, in view of the state of affairs in portions of the South. Mr. Sherman reported a bill for funding the National debt, extending banking privileges, and establishing specie payments.—In the House, a large part of the session was taken up with a discussion of the bill to supply the naval deficiencies, amounting to $3,000,000, the result of which was the adoption of an amendment reducing the appropriations to $1,500,000, and the passage of the bill as amended. The bill for the admission of Mississippi, which is exactly similar to the one under which Virginia was admitted, was passed. A bill amending the act in relation to additional bounties, which extends the benefits of pensions, etc., to the families of deceased soldiers who enlisted for a period of less than a year, was passed. An extensive and important bill providing for the execution of every and all the laws in Utah Territory was reported and recommitted.

February 4.—In the Senate, a bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to withhold moneys due to States in default of the payment of interest on bonds held in trust by the government. A long discussion was had in reference to the abolition of the franking privilege on a motion to take the House bill from the table. The motion was lost by a vote of 22 to 34.—In the House, a resolution was adopted after some debate authorizing the Committee on Military Affairs to investigate the reported sale of appointments to the Naval and Military Academies by members of Congress.

February 5.—The Senate was not in session, and the time of the House was occupied with an unimportant general debate.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The most important bill introduced in the New York State Legislature during the week was the one to provide a new charter for this city. The salient features of this instrument are the following:

The Mayor, Comptroller, and Counsel to the Corporation are to be elected for four years. No charter election will take place until 1871, and thereafter every second year. The new Common Council is to consist of fifteen Aldermen, and an Assistant from each ward. The details of municipal labor are to be divided among eleven departments, to wit: Department of Finance, of Public Works, of Law, of Public Charities, of Police, of Education, of Public Buildings, of Public Parks, of Excise, Sanitary Department, and Fire Department. The superintendent of police is to be called Chief of Police, and to be subordinate to the Mayor, and the present Superintendent is legislated out of office. Provision is made for the retention of the present police and firemen, except in cases specified. The Board of Excise is to consist of three members. Liquor shops may open at 4 o'clock A.M., and remain open until 1 o'clock A.M. They must be closed on Sundays, but the prohibition does not include the selling of liquor to guests by hotels or steamboats. The restriction upon the sale of lager beer on Sunday is absolutely removed. The Common Council shall have the power of impeaching the Mayor, Comptroller, and Counsel to the Corporation. The Education Department is not changed in any of its features. The authority over the several departments is completely vested in the Mayor and Aldermen, and divorced from the Governor.

The bill was referred to the Committee on Cities, and ordered to be printed.

The statement of the public debt shows a net decrease of $3,933,664 39 during the month of January. The coin balance is $101,600,730, including coin certificates amounting to $50,000,000. The currency balance is $8,690,807. The purchased bonds and interest amount to $97,082,384.

The Legislature of Tennessee has passed an act granting aid to the Mediterranean and Oriental Steam Navigation Company of New York, the object of which is to encourage immigration to the South by means of direct communication with Southern Europe.

Several years ago General Frank P. Blair refused to take the oath at the polls in Missouri, and was debarred from voting. He carried the case up to Washington for an opinion. The Court has decided against him, thus establishing the validity of the State test oath.

The "new nation" across the northern border has come to a sudden end. Dictator Riell, after a short and inglorious reign, has been deposed by the people, and Governor M'Tavish has been reinstated. The Hudson Bay Company is in full control again, and Riell is a prisoner in Fort Garry.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that the Pope will hereafter refuse to receive protests against the affirmation of the dogma of infallibility. Rumors of his death have again been put in circulation, but were found to have originated in the statement that he had had an attack of epelipsy, which was not regarded as of a fatal character. These rumors have had the effect, however, to excite speculation in regard to his successor, the favorite candidate in England being Archbishop Manning.

It is reported that the Duke of Montpensier will no longer be pressed for the Spanish throne. Prince George, a Catholic, and a son of the King of Saxony, and Prince Charles of Prussia, are now among the principal candidates named.

M. Le Verrier, the distinguished French astronomer and Senator, has been removed from the directorship of the Imperial Observatory for action in the Senate which the government deemed inconsistent with his official position.

A dispatch from Vienna states that the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria has fled to this country. No reason for this strange step is assigned.

The agents of the American Cable Company have obtained the consent of the Dutch government for the landing of the cable in Holland.

It is reported, on the authority of a letter from a British naval officer on the coast of Africa, that Dr. Livingstone had been burned as a wizard by a chief in the interior. The correctness of the report is doubted by the London papers.

An alliance between Egypt and Greece is said to have been concluded.

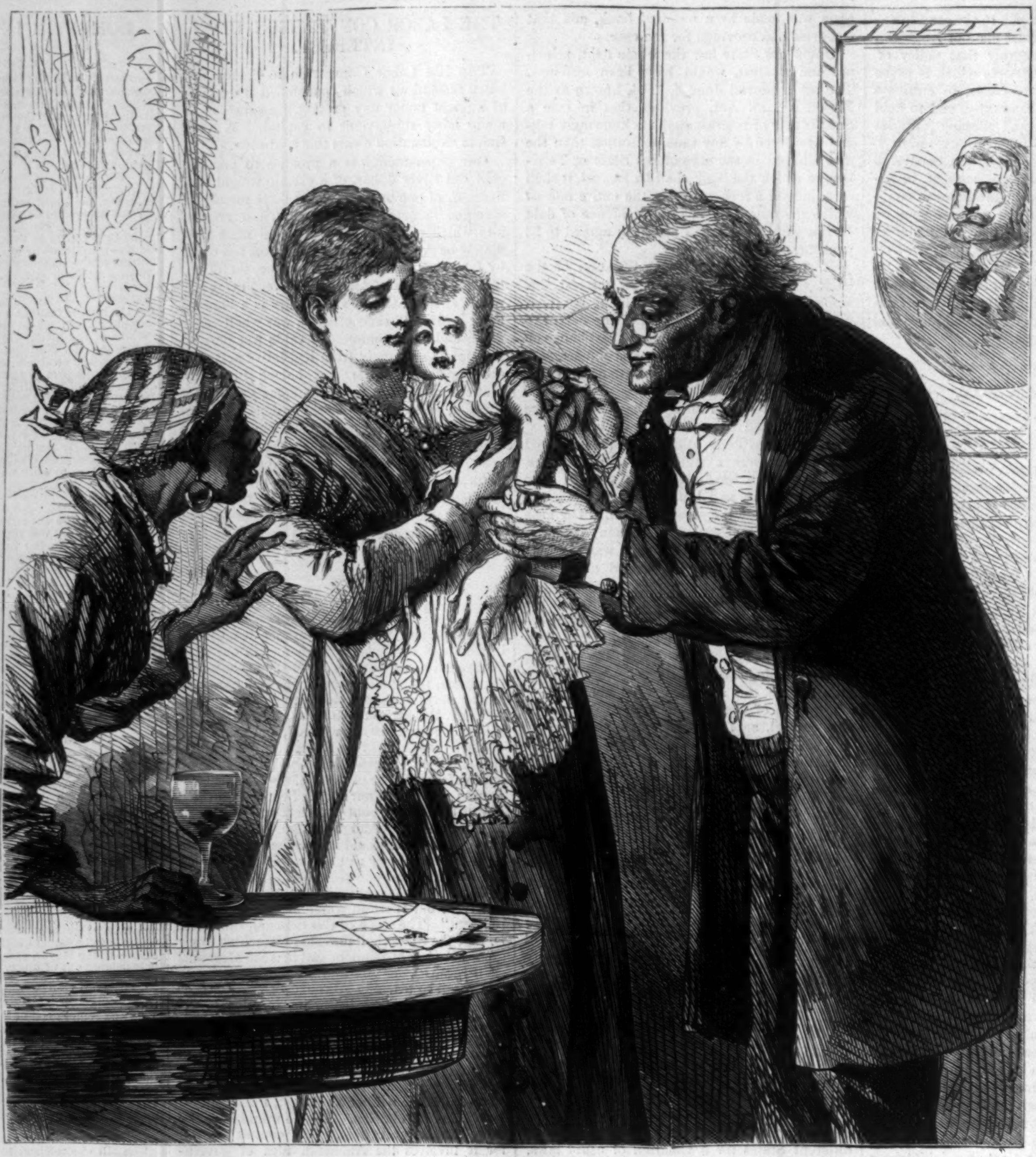
Advices from Mexico represent the condition of affairs in that country as truly deplorable. Revolutionary attempts are frequent, and the government is unable to preserve tranquillity. A plot to proclaim Santa Anna has been discovered, and the principals arrested. Puebla is reported quiet. A battle is reported to have taken place in San Luis Potosi, which resulted in a victory of the insurgent troops, and the capture by them of twenty pieces of artillery. General Negrete is said to be in Mexico secretly working in the interests of Santa Anna.

On January 31, Señor Castanon, editor of the *Voz de Cuba*, a journal in the Spanish interest published in Havana, was shot and killed by several Cubans at Key West, whither he had gone to fight a duel.

VACCINATING THE BABY.

A PRETTY domestic story is that which our artist tells in this beautiful engraving, and tells so well that we need scarcely call the attention of our readers to the artistic skill displayed in its treatment. The happy manner in which he has expressed the pride of the young mother, the shrinking timidity of the baby, the anxiety of the nurse lest the doctor should hurt her pretty charge, and the kindly good-nature of the old family doctor, will strike every one at first glance.

We trust the hint conveyed indirectly by this picture may not be lost upon families where this necessary precaution against a loathsome disease has been neglected. The sanitary superintendent of the Metropolitan District of New York, in a recent report, called attention to the fact that this disease has become fearfully prevalent throughout the West, especially in California, and that great precaution will be necessary to keep it from spreading through New York. In most European countries the regulations in regard to the vaccination of children are very rigid, and are enforced without respect to rank. At a certain age every child is vaccinated; those of the poor by the police physician, who gives a certificate that the law has been complied with. This excellent regulation has nearly banished small-pox from many cities where it once made fearful ravages among the poorer classes. One of the results is, that this disease is very seldom brought to this country by immigrants. In 1869, out of 662 cases treated at Blackwell's Island Hospital, only 152 were brought from abroad. This fact carries its own moral.



VACCINATING THE BABY.—[FROM A SKETCH BY SOL EYTINGE.]

GENERAL AMES.

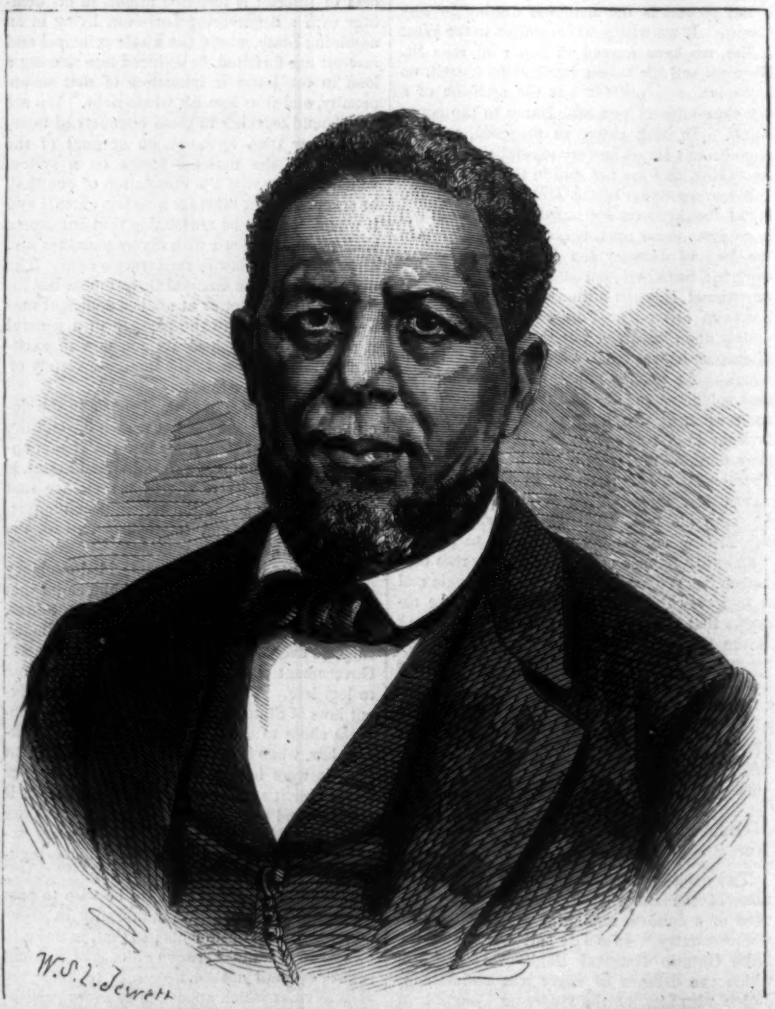
GENERAL ADELBERT AMES, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from the State of Mississippi, and whose portrait is given on this page, is a native of Maine, and entered West Point as a cadet from that State. He graduated with honor in 1856, received a lieutenant's commission, and has since remained in the army. No officer has a more honorable war-record than General AMES. He served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac, and participated in nearly every battle in which that gallant host was engaged, and was promoted for gallant and meritorious services through the various grades, from lieutenant to the rank of major-general, which he now holds.

General AMES is about thirty-five years of age, a man of pleasant bearing, of frank and yet firm disposition. His administration as Military Governor of Mississippi has been eminently wise and successful. He was chosen Senator by the nearly unanimous vote of the Legislature of that State. Should the question of his eligibility be decided against him, his rejection by the Senate would cause general regret throughout the State, where his impartial conduct has won the respect of all parties.

HON. H. R. REVELS.

ON this page will be found the portrait of Hon. H. R. REVELS, Senator elect from Mississippi. Mr. REVELS was born in North Carolina, in 1822, of free colored parents. He was educated at a

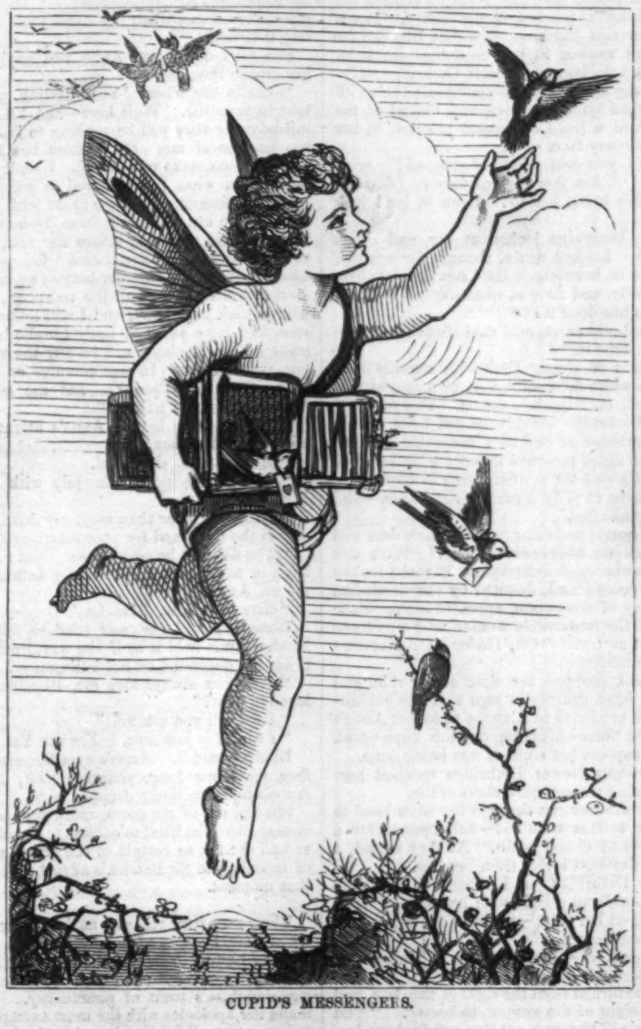
GENERAL ADELBERT AMES, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.



HON. H. R. REVELS, UNITED STATES SENATOR ELECT FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Quaker Seminary in Indiana, and became a Methodist minister. At the breaking out of the war he was settled in Baltimore, and from that time took an active part in the management of freedmen's affairs. In 1864 he went to Vicksburg, in pursuance of this mission, and assisted in the organization of schools and churches among the liberated slaves. He passed the next two years in Kansas and Missouri, preaching and lecturing on moral and religious subjects; returned to Mississippi the following year, and has since resided in Natchez. He is presiding elder of his Church for the southern portion of the State. Since July last he has been a member of the City Council, and has served in that capacity with credit. A short time since he was elected to the State Senate by a handsome majority, and has now been selected by the Legislature as a proper man to represent the State in the Senate of the United States.

Mr. **Revels** is a tall, portly man, of light complexion; has benevolent features, a pleasant voice, and cultivated manners. He is thoroughly respected by his own people, and by the whites.



CUPID'S MESSENGERS.

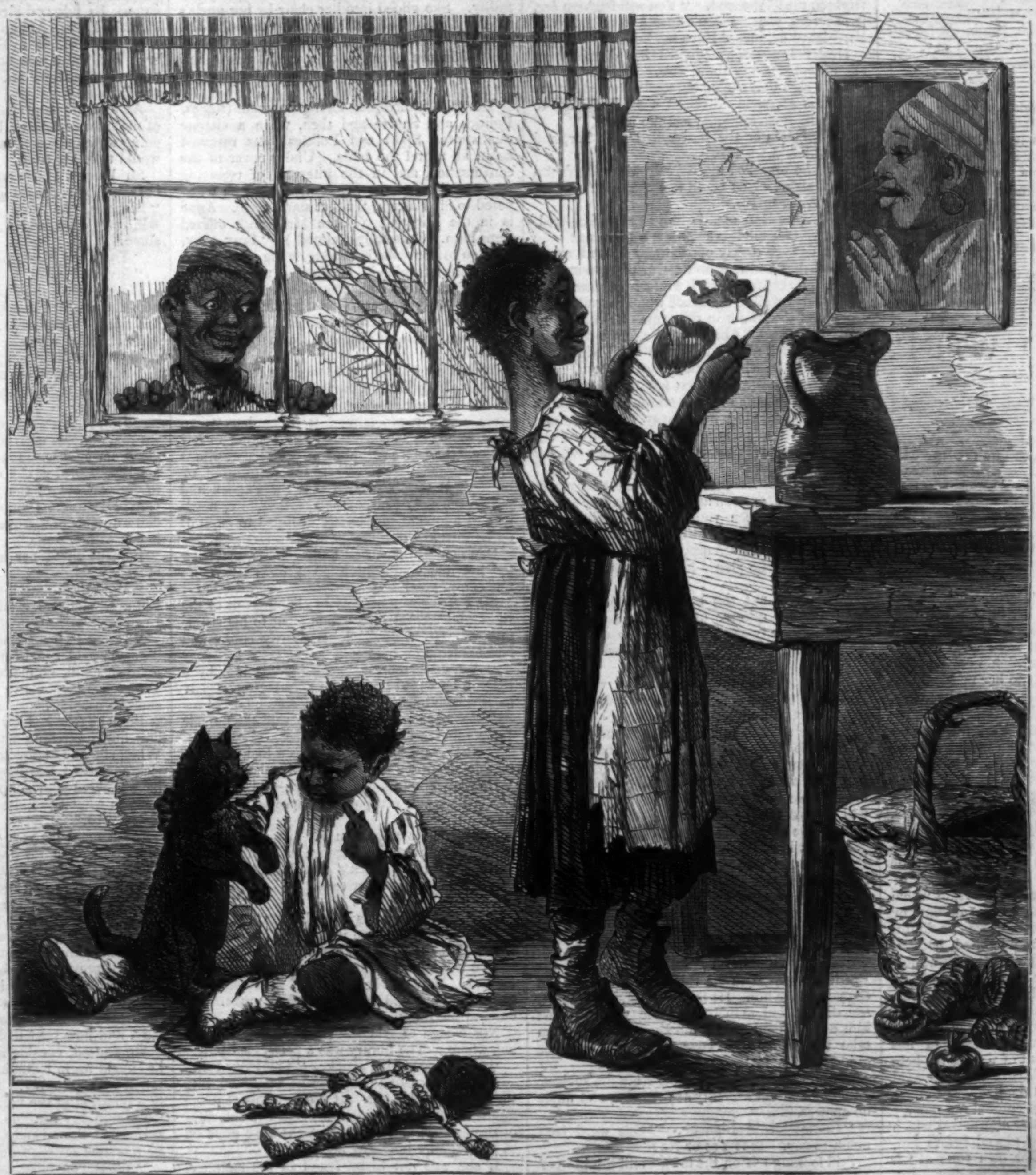
SEA-DRIFT.

The inhabitants of the sea are fiercer than those of the land, all, or nearly all, being carnivorous, and preying upon each other. Various regions or zones are inhabited by certain fishes and other animals peculiar to them, and found in no other parts. Sometimes they travel to find food, but those greater travelers, the currents, bring them large supplies too. The Gulf Stream carries immense numbers of the jelly-like medusæ northward, to be eagerly devoured by the Greenland whale, whose huge body is chiefly sustained by such apparently trifling food. It is well known that the narrowness of its throat prevents it from swallowing any thing larger than shrimps and small crabs. Medusæ abound in the polar seas, sometimes to such an extent as to calm ruffled water; but the amount drifted from the tropics is not too much to make up for its constant destruction by this animal. The great nursery of marine life is in the Pacific and Indian oceans. There the warm, placid waters are seen tinged for miles with crimson, yellow, or white, by millions of infusoria, whose curious forms are only revealed by the microscope. There whole fleets of the "Portuguese man-of-war" and "Sallee-man," as sailors call the nautilus and velella, are setting out with the gentle drift-currents on a long voyage that has no end for them but death, and a sinking into unfathomable depths of still, dark water below, where their delicate shells add to the crust of dead organisms ever forming freshly upon the sea-floor.

Sea-weed is not without its uses. The immense quantities of wrack thrown upon the coasts of Scotland, Ireland, and Iceland are used by the poor for fuel and cattle-food, and the more delicate kinds are even eaten by themselves. Formerly thousands of tons were used annually in the manufacture of alkali. The edible birds' nests found along the shores of the Java and Chinese seas are made by a swallow which feeds upon a species of floating sea-weed. From this it extracts the glutinous substance forming the nest. This gelatine can be made artificially, if one may so call it, by boiling down the weed; and in some parts of the Indies it is really used in cookery.

Seeds, plants, and even large trees are often drifted across the seas to foreign shores, where they sometimes take root if the soil and climate be favorable. Growing in the hot, rank moisture of a primeval forest, or among the reeds bordering a grassy upland, this living vegetation is swept away with its whole banks by the furious inundations of tropical rivers. It forms a sand-bank at the river mouth, which in course of time silts up into a delta, generally an immense, thickly-wooded swamp of rich alluvial soil, tigers and alligators infesting its gloomy depths. But a great part of this *débris* is driven out to sea. Mr. Bates says that in the flood season the Amazon bears along "a continuous line of uprooted trees and islets of floating plants;" and in the open sea, four hundred miles from its mouth, he saw "patches of floating grass, mingled with tree-trunks and withered foliage," among them fruits of a tree found only on the banks of the Great River, the Ubussie palm. The floods of the Orinoco, the Congo, the Ganges, the Plate, and the Mississippi float out to sea similar natural rafts. Among the Philippine and Molucca islands they are met with, coming probably from the large Chinese rivers. Those of the Orinoco are covered with water-plants in flower; and so solid are they that many a canoe is wrecked against them on dark nights as they come down with the swirling flood. The Mississippi tears away whole acres covered with wood; and one hundred miles from the mouth of the Ganges floating islands have been seen, composed of matted trees and soil, with trees growing erect upon them. Many of these carry monkeys, storks, alligators, snakes, and tigers. Generally victims of the next storm, a few may have sailed safely before the steady summer winds to more than one lonely rock or sand-key, plants taken root, and animals multiplied there, before man came to reign over all. It is an interesting question to many how animal and vegetable life spread over the earth, and our increasing knowledge of deep-sea currents explains much. All these things are received by the great universal ocean, and by it distributed far and wide.

Not only is this lower life dispersed by the currents, but man too is affected by them. The idea conceived by Columbus of a western continent was confirmed by the fact of trees and bodies of strange men being stranded on the Azores. In 1508 a French ship captured an Esquimaux canoe containing seven men, near the English coast, and Esquimaux have several times been driven in their canoes by storms to the Orcades. The wreck of a Japanese junk was drifted to the Sandwich Islands with her surviving crew. In this it is easy to trace the agency of the Black Stream of Japan, as the foregoing instances may be attributed to that of the Gulf Stream. Stories are on record of Pacific islanders having helplessly drifted for months before seeing land; and undoubtedly many islands have been peopled in this way. Humboldt says that some casks of palm-oil, belonging to the cargo of a vessel wrecked near Cape Lopez, were carried across the Atlantic by the equatorial current, and made a second passage with the Gulf Stream to the coast of Scotland, where they were found. A similar thing has happened to more than one wrecked cargo in the West Indies.



TOPSY'S VALENTINE.—[From a Sketch by Sol. Eytinge.]

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PYRENEES.

The multiplicity of charms of various kinds almost rivals those of the ages of faith. A toad hung up and left to die in a stable preserves the horses from the evil-eye; certain pointed stones, called Peyres de pigotes, or small-pox stones, tied round the neck, are a defense against infectious diseases. In the valley of Argélès the poorest peasant contrives to procure a mighty log of wood on Christmas-eve; this is lighted, and to it he offers a portion of the bread, wine, etc., of which his poor supper on that night is composed. Hawthorn and laurel secure the wearer against thunder; the inhabitants of Biarritz make wreaths of these plants at dawn on St. John's Day; they then rush to the sea, plunge in after a prayer, and are safe, during the ensuing twelvemonth, from the temptations of evil spirits. The belief in fairies and spirits is common. There is the friendly sprite who tends the fire, folds the linen, and redes up the house in the absence of its owner. Le Follet is a tricksy imp, who lives among the mountains, and specially delights in teasing horses, which are sometimes found on stormy mornings with manes marvelously plaited, and in a state of great agitation from his visits. As to fairies, they are still visible to the unsophisticated Pyreneans, and they sit at the entrance of their grottoes, combing their golden hair, much as they used to do in our own old nursery days. He who tries to reach them perishes; should he find favor in their eyes, he disappears forever from this world. If, however, a mortal release a fairy from a spell, she sometimes lends him her magic wand, with which he can obtain whatever he desires. In the Barège valley the fairies inhabit the interior of the Pic de Bergons, and flax placed at the foot of their abode is instantly spun into the finest thread. In the valley of Barousse they go from house to house on New Year's night, carrying happiness in their right hands, and sorrow in their left, under the form of two children, the one crowned with flowers, the other weeping. To propitiate them a repast is spread in a room with open doors and windows, and on the morrow the master of the house distributes the food among his family and servants, with good wishes for the New Year. Occasionally, however, tricks may be played upon female fairies with impunity, as when one was caught in a pair of trowsers, left in a garden for the purpose.

A reputation for witchcraft is both profitable and dangerous in those parts. A witch who died quietly at Argélès in 1865 had lived surrounded with benefits and advantages conferred on her by those who feared her power; but in 1850 a poor old woman, named Jeanne Bedouret, was thrown alive into a heated oven at Pujo, near Vic-Bigorre, and died under the torture.

Like all superstitious people, the inhabitants of the Pyrenees account, by legendary stories, for natural sights and sounds. The man in the moon was banished to his place of distant exile for Sabbath-breaking; he sinned in February; he has borne the name of that month ever since. He still bears upon his shoulder the fagot that he gathered on the sacred day. He is condemned to labor without repose until the end of the world, when he will have expiated his transgression, and will regain his liberty and name. When the shepherd, leading home his flock, bears the shiver of leaves in the wind, when mysterious woodland sounds startle him, when the mountain echoes awake from rock to rock, he trembles, for he knows that Bassa Jaon (Basque for the wild lord) is near. Bassa Jaon is of enormous size; he has a human countenance, and walks upright like a man; but he surpasses the stag in activity, and is covered with long, smooth hair. He foresees tempests, and at such times cries aloud, for he knows that he must endure the hardest buffets of the elements. Occasionally he forewarns the herdsman of the approaching storm, and woe to the unlucky wight who neglects or despises the caution! Despite his formidable appearance and manners, Bassa Jaon seems to be rather a good-natured personage, who does not resent liberties. Once having fallen, like the fairy, into the trap of a pair of trowsers, he allowed himself to be tricked into revealing the secret of the previously unknown art of welding iron. Some have supposed that Bassa Jaon is a legendary reminiscence of the orang-outang of Africa, where the Basques are said formerly to have sojourned.

SUN AND RAIN.

A YOUNG wife stood at the lattice-pane,
In a study sad and "brown,"
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down—
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sighed, "Ah, me!
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist:
Throb, throb, throb,
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,
As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day!"

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the sombre room was lighted again
By the blessed sun o' love:
"Love, love, love!"
Ran the little wife's murmur'd lay;
"Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

GONE.

BLANCHE came in, with a glass of wine in her hand, and saw the swooning woman on the floor.

She was alarmed, but not surprised, as she knelt by Anne, and raised her head. Her own previous observation of her friend necessarily prevented her from being at any loss to account for the fainting fit. The inevitable delay in getting the wine was—naturally to her mind—alone to blame for the result which now met her view.

If she had been less ready in thus tracing the effect to the cause, she might have gone to the window to see if any thing had happened, out-of-doors, to frighten Anne—might have seen Geoffrey before he had time to turn the corner of the house—and, making that one discovery, might have altered the whole course of events, not in her coming life only, but in the coming lives of others. So do we shape our own destinies, blindfold. So do we hold our poor little tenure of happiness at the capricious mercy of Chance. It is surely a blessed delusion which persuades us that we are the highest product of the great scheme of creation, and sets us doubting whether other planets are inhabited, because other planets are not surrounded by an atmosphere which *we* can breathe!

After trying such simple remedies as were within her reach, and trying them without success, Blanche became seriously alarmed. Anne lay, to all outward appearance, dead in her arms. She was on the point of calling for help—come what might of the discovery which would ensue—when the door from the hall opened once more, and Hester Dethridge entered the room.

The cook had accepted the alternative which her mistress's message had placed before her, if she insisted on having her own time at her own sole disposal for the rest of that day. Exactly as Lady Lundie had desired, she intimated her resolution to carry her point by placing her account-book on the desk in the library. It was only when this had been done that Blanche received any answer to her entreaties for help. Slowly and deliberately Hester Dethridge walked up to the spot where the young girl knelt with Anne's head on her bosom, and looked at the two without a trace of human emotion in her stern and stony face.

"Don't you see what's happened?" cried Blanche. "Are you alive or dead? Oh, Hester, I can't bring her to! Look at her! look at her!"

Hester Dethridge looked at her, and shook her head. Looked again, thought for a while, and wrote on her slate. Held out the slate over Anne's body, and showed what she had written:

"Who has done it?"

"You stupid creature!" said Blanche. "Nobody has done it."

The eyes of Hester Dethridge steadily read the worn white face, telling its own tale of sorrow mutely on Blanche's breast. The mind of Hester Dethridge steadily looked back at her own knowledge of her own miserable married life. She again returned to writing on her slate—again showed the written words to Blanche.

"Brought to it by a man. Let her be—and God will take her."

"You horrid unfeeling woman! how dare you write such an abominable thing!" With this natural outburst of indignation, Blanche looked back at Anne, and, daunted by the death-like persistency of the swoon, appealed again to the mercy of the immovable woman who was looking down at her. "Oh, Hester! for Heaven's sake help me!"

The cook dropped her slate at her side, and bent her head gravely in sign that she submitted. She motioned to Blanche to loosen Anne's dress, and then—kneeling on one knee—took Anne to support her while it was being done.

The instant Hester Dethridge touched her, the swooning woman gave signs of life.

A faint shudder ran through her from head to foot—her eyelids trembled—half opened for a moment—and closed again. As they closed, a low sigh fluttered feebly from her lips.

Hester Dethridge put her back in Blanche's arms—considered a little with herself—returned to writing on her slate—and held out the written words once more:

"Shivered when I touched her. That means I have been walking over her grave."

Blanche turned from the sight of the slate, and from the sight of the woman, in horror. "You frighten me!" she said. "You will frighten *her*, if she sees you. I don't mean to offend you; but—leave us, please leave us."

Hester Dethridge accepted her dismissal, as she accepted every thing else. She bowed her head in sign that she understood—looked for the last time at Anne—dropped a stiff courtesy to her young mistress—and left the room.

An hour later the butler had paid her, and she had left the house.

Blanche breathed more freely when she found herself alone. She could feel the relief now of seeing Anne revive.

"Can you hear me, darling?" she whispered. "Can you let me leave you for a moment?"

Anne's eyes slowly opened and looked round her—in that torment and terror of reviving life which marks the awful protest of humanity against its recall to existence when mortal mercy has dared to wake it in the arms of Death.

Blanche rested Anne's head against the nearest chair, and ran to the table upon which she had placed the wine on entering the room.

After swallowing the first few drops Anne began to feel the effect of the stimulant. Blanche persisted in making her empty the glass, and refrained from asking or answering questions until her recovery under the influence of the wine was complete.

"You have overexerted yourself this morning," she said, as soon as it seemed safe to speak. "Nobody has seen you, darling—nothing has happened. Do you feel like yourself again?"

Anne made an attempt to rise and leave the library; Blanche placed her gently in the chair, and went on:

"There is not the least need to stir. We have another quarter of an hour to ourselves before any body is at all likely to disturb us. I have something to say, Anne—a little proposal to make. Will you listen to me?"

Anne took Blanche's hand, and pressed it gratefully to her lips. She made no other reply. Blanche proceeded:

"I won't ask any questions, my dear—I won't attempt to keep you here against your will—I won't even remind you of my letter yesterday. But I can't let you go, Anne, without having my mind made easy about you in some way. You will relieve all my anxiety, if you will do one thing—one easy thing, for my sake?"

"What is it, Blanche?"

She put that question with her mind far away from the subject before her. Blanche was too eager in pursuit of her object to notice the absent tone, the purely mechanical manner, in which Anne had spoken to her.

"I want you to consult my uncle," she answered. "Sir Patrick is interested in you; Sir Patrick proposed to me this very day to go and see you at the inn. He is the wisest, the kindest, the dearest old man living—and you can trust him as you could trust nobody else. Will you take my uncle into your confidence, and be guided by his advice?"

With her mind still far away from the subject, Anne looked out absently at the lawn, and made no answer.

"Come!" said Blanche. "One word isn't much to say. Is it Yes or No?"

Still looking out on the lawn—still thinking of something else—Anne yielded, and said "Yes."

Blanche was enchanted. "How well I must have managed it!" she thought. "This is what my uncle means, when my uncle talks of 'putting it strongly.'"

She bent down over Anne, and gayly patted her on the shoulder.

"That's the wisest 'Yes,' darling, you ever said in your life. Wait here—and I'll go in to luncheon, or they will be sending to know what has become of me. Sir Patrick has kept my place for me, next to himself. I shall contrive to tell him what I want; and *he* will contrive (oh, the blessing of having to do with a clever man; there are so few of them!)—he will contrive to leave the table before the rest, without exciting any body's suspicions. Go away with him at once to the summer-house (we have been at the summer-house all the morning; nobody will go back to it now), and I will follow you as soon as I have satisfied Lady Lundie by eating some lunch. Nobody will be any the wiser but our three selves. In five minutes or less you may expect Sir Patrick. Let me go! We haven't a moment to lose!"

Anne held her back. Anne's attention was concentrated on her now.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Are you going on happily with Arnold, Blanche?"

"Arnold is nicer than ever, my dear."

"Is the day fixed for your marriage?"

"The day will be ages hence. Not till we are back in town, at the end of the autumn. Let me go, Anne!"

"Give me a kiss, Blanche."

Blanche kissed her, and tried to release her hand. Anne held it as if she was drowning, as if her life depended on not letting it go.

"Will you always love me, Blanche, as you love me now?"

"How can you ask me!"

"*I* said Yes just now. *You* say Yes too."

Blanche said it. Anne's eyes fastened on her face, with one long, yearning look, and then Anne's hand suddenly dropped hers.

She ran out of the room, more agitated, more uneasy, than she liked to confess to herself. Never had she felt so certain of the urgent necessity of appealing to Sir Patrick's advice as she felt at that moment.

The guests were still safe at the luncheon-table when Blanche entered the dining-room.

Lady Lundie expressed the necessary surprise, in the properly graduated tone of reproof, at her step-daughter's want of punctuality. Blanche made her apologies with the most exemplary humility. She glided into her chair by her uncle's side, and took the first thing that was offered to her. Sir Patrick looked at his niece, and found himself in the company of a model young English Miss—and marveled inwardly what it might mean.

The talk, interrupted for the moment (topics, Politics and Sport—and then, when a change was wanted, Sport and Politics), was resumed again all round the table. Under cover of the conversation, and in the intervals of receiving the attentions of the gentlemen, Blanche whispered to Sir Patrick, "Don't start, uncle. Anne is in the library." (Polite Mr. Smith offered some ham. Gratefully declined.) "Pray, pray, pray go to her; she is waiting to see you—she is in dreadful trouble." (Gallant Mr. Jones proposed fruit tart and cream. Accepted with thanks.) "Take her to the summer-house: I'll follow you when I get the chance. And manage it at once, uncle, if you love me, or you will be too late."

Before Sir Patrick could whisper back a word in reply, Lady Lundie, cutting a cake of the richest Scottish composition, at the other end of the table, publicly proclaimed it to be her "own cake," and, as such, offered her brother-in-law a slice. The slice exhibited an eruption of plums and sweetmeats, overlaid by a perspiration of butter. It has been said that Sir Patrick had passed the age of seventy—it is, therefore, needless to add that he politely declined to commit an unprovoked outrage on his own stomach.

"MY cake!" persisted Lady Lundie, elevating the horrible composition on a fork. "Won't that tempt you?"

Sir Patrick saw his way to slipping out of the room under cover of a compliment to his sister-in-law. He summoned his courtly smile, and laid his hand on his heart.

"A fallible mortal," he said, "is met by a temptation which he can not possibly resist. If he is a wise mortal, also, what does he do?"

"He eats some of My cake," said the prosaic Lady Lundie.

"No!" said Sir Patrick, with a look of unutterable devotion directed at his sister-in-law. "He flies temptation, dear lady—as I do now." He bowed, and escaped, unsuspected, from the room.

Lady Lundie cast down her eyes, with an expression of virtuous indulgence for human frailty, and divided Sir Patrick's compliment modestly between herself and her cake.

Well aware that his own departure from the table would be followed in a few minutes by the rising of the lady of the house, Sir Patrick hurried to the library as fast as his lame foot would let him. Now that he was alone, his manner became anxious, and his face looked grave. He entered the room.

Not a sign of Anne Silvester was to be seen any where. The library was a perfect solitude.

"Gone!" said Sir Patrick. "This looks bad."

After a moment's reflection he went back into the hall to get his hat. It was possible that she might have been afraid of discovery if she staid in the library, and that she might have gone on to the summer-house by herself.

If she was not to be found in the summer-house, the quieting of Blanche's mind and the clearing up of her uncle's suspicions alike depended on discovering the place in which Miss Silvester had taken refuge. In this case time would be of importance, and the capacity of making the most of it would be a precious capacity at starting. Arriving rapidly at these conclusions, Sir Patrick rang the bell in the hall which communicated with the servants' offices, and summoned his own valet—a person of tried discretion and fidelity, nearly as old as himself.

"Get your hat, Duncan," he said, when the valet appeared, "and come out with me."

Master and servant set forth together silently, on their way through the grounds. Arrived within sight of the summer-house, Sir Patrick ordered Duncan to wait, and went on by himself.

There was not the least need for the precaution that he had taken. The summer-house was as empty as the library. He stepped out again and looked about him. Not a living creature was visible. Sir Patrick summoned his servant to join him.

"Go back to the stables, Duncan," he said, "and say that Miss Lundie lends me her pony-carriage to-day. Let it be got ready at once and kept in the stable-yard. I want to attract as little notice as possible. You are to go with me, and nobody else. Provide yourself with a railway time-table. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"Did you happen to see the governess (Miss Silvester) on the day when we came here—the day of the lawn-party?"

"I did, Sir Patrick."

"Should you know her again?"

"I thought her a very distinguished-looking person, Sir Patrick. I should certainly know her again."

"Have you any reason to think she noticed you?"

"She never even looked at me, Sir Patrick."

"Very good. Put a change of linen into your bag, Duncan—I may possibly want you to take a journey by railway. Wait for me in the stable-yard. This is a matter in which every thing is trusted to my discretion, and to yours."

"Thank you, Sir Patrick."

With that acknowledgment of the compliment which had been just paid to him, Duncan gravely went his way to the stables; and Duncan's master returned to the summer-house, to wait there until he was joined by Blanche.

Sir Patrick showed signs of failing patience during the interval of expectation through which he was now condemned to pass. He applied perpetually to the snuff-box in the knob of his cane. He fidgeted incessantly in and out of the summer-house. Anne's disappearance had placed a serious obstacle in the way of further discovery; and there was no attacking that obstacle, until precious time had been wasted in waiting to see Blanche.

At last she appeared in view, from the steps of the summer-house; breathless and eager, hastening to the place of meeting as fast as her feet would take her to it.

Sir Patrick considerately advanced, to spare her the shock of making the inevitable discovery. "Blanche," he said. "Try to prepare yourself, my dear, for a disappointment. I am alone."

"You don't mean that you have let her go?"

"My poor child! I have never seen her at all."

Blanche pushed by him, and ran into the summer-house. Sir Patrick followed her. She came out again to meet him with a look of blank despair. "Oh, uncle! I did so truly pity her! And see how little pity she has for *me!*"

Sir Patrick put his arm round his niece, and softly patted the fair young head that dropped on his shoulder.

"Don't let us judge her harshly, my dear: we don't know what serious necessity may not plead her excuse. It is plain that she can trust nobody—and that she only consented to see me to get you out of the room and spare you the pain of parting. Compose yourself, Blanche. I don't despair of discovering where she has gone, if you will help me."

Blanche lifted her head, and dried her tears bravely.

"My father himself wasn't kinder to me than you are," she said. "Only tell me, uncle, what I can do!"

"I want to hear exactly what happened in the library," said Sir Patrick. "Forget nothing, my dear child, no matter how trifling it may be. Trifles are precious to us, and minutes are precious to us, now."

Blanche followed her instructions to the letter, her uncle listening with the closest attention. When she had completed her narrative, Sir Patrick suggested leaving the summer-house. "I have ordered your chaise," he said; "and I can tell you what I propose doing on our way to the stable-yard."

"Let me drive you, uncle!"

"Forgive me, my dear, for saying No to that. Your step-mother's suspicions are very easily excited—and you had better not be seen with me if my inquiries take me to the Craig Fernie inn. I promise, if you will remain here, to tell you every thing when I come back. Join the others in any plan they have for the afternoon—and you will prevent my absence from exciting any thing more than a passing remark. You will do as I tell you? That's a good girl! Now you shall hear how I propose to search for this poor lady, and how your little story has helped me."

He paused, considering with himself whether he should begin by telling Blanche of his consultation with Geoffrey. Once more, he decided that question in the negative. Better to still defer taking her into his confidence until he had performed the errand of investigation on which he was now setting forth.

"What you have told me, Blanche, divides itself, in my mind, into two heads," began Sir Patrick. "There is what happened in the library before your own eyes; and there is what Miss Silvester told you had happened at the inn. As to the event in the library (in the first place), it is too late now to inquire whether that fainting-fit was the result, as you say, of mere exhaustion—or whether it was the result of something that occurred while you were out of the room."

"What could have happened while I was out of the room?"

"I know no more than you do, my dear. It is simply one of the possibilities in the case; and, as such, I notice it. To get on to what practically concerns us; if Miss Silvester is in delicate health it is impossible that she could get, unassisted, to any great distance from Windygates. She may have taken refuge in one of the cottages in our immediate neighborhood. Or she may have met with some passing vehicle from one of the farms on its way to the Station, and may have asked the person driving to give her a seat in it. Or she may have walked as far as she can, and may have stopped to rest in some sheltered place, among the lanes to the south of this house."

"I'll inquire at the cottages, uncle, while you are gone."

"My dear child, there must be a dozen cottages, at least, within a circle of one mile from Windygates! Your inquiries would probably occupy you for the whole afternoon. I won't ask what Lady Lundie would think of your being away all that time by yourself. I will only remind you of two things. You would be making a public matter of an investigation which it is essential to pursue as privately as possible; and, even if you happened to hit on the right cottage, your inquiries would be completely baffled, and you would discover nothing."

"Why not?"

"I know the Scottish peasant better than you do, Blanche. In his intelligence and his sense of self-respect he is a very different being from the English peasant. He would receive you civilly, because you are a young lady; but he would let you see, at the same time, that he considered you had taken advantage of the difference between your position and his position to commit an intrusion. And if Miss Silvester had appealed, in confidence, to his hospitality, and if he had granted it, no power on earth would induce him to tell any person living that she was under his roof—without her express permission."

"But uncle—if it's of no use making inquiries of any body, how are we to find her?"

"I don't say that nobody will answer our inquiries, my dear—I only say the peasantry won't answer them, if your friend has trusted herself to their protection. The way to find her is to look on beyond what Miss Silvester may be doing at the present moment, to what Miss Silvester contemplates doing—let us say, before the day is out. We may assume, I think (after what has happened), that, as soon as she *can* leave this neighborhood, she assuredly *will* leave it? Do you agree, so far?"

"Yes! yes! Go on."

"Very well. She is a woman, and she is (to say the least of it) not strong. She can only leave this neighborhood either by hiring a vehicle or by traveling on the railway. I propose going first to the Station. At the rate at which your pony gets over the ground, there is a fair chance, in spite of the time we have lost, of my being there as soon as she is—assuming that she leaves by the first train, up or down, that passes."

"There is a train in half an hour, uncle. She can never get there in time for that."

"She may be less exhausted than we think; or she may get a lift; or she may not be alone. How do we know but somebody may have been waiting in the lane—her husband, if there is such a person—to help her? No! I shall assume she is now on her way to the Station; and I shall get there as fast as possible—"

"And stop her, if you find her there?"

"What I do, Blanche, must be left to my discretion. If I find her there, I must act for the best. If I don't find her there, I shall leave Duncan (who goes with me) on the watch for the remaining trains, until the last to-night. He knows Miss Silvester by sight, and he is sure that *she* has never noticed *him*. Whether she goes north or south, early or late, Duncan will have my orders to follow her. He is thoroughly to be relied on. If she takes the railway, I answer for it we shall know where she goes."

"How clever of you to think of Duncan!"

"Not in the least, my dear. Duncan is my factotum; and the course I am taking is the obvious course which would have occurred to any body. Let us get to the really difficult part of it now. Suppose she hires a carriage?"

"There are none to be had, except at the Station."

"There are farmers about here; and farmers have light carts, or chaises, or something of the sort. It is in the last degree unlikely that they would consent to let her have them. Still, women break through difficulties which stop men. And this is a clever woman, Blanche—a woman, you may depend on it, who is bent on preventing you from tracing her. I confess I wish we had somebody we could trust lounging about where those two roads branch off from the road that leads to the railway. I must go in another direction; *I* can't do it."

"Arnold can do it!"

"Sir Patrick looked a little doubtful.. "Arnold is an excellent fellow," he said. "But can we trust to his discretion?"

"He is, next to you, the most perfectly discreet person I know," rejoined Blanche, in a very positive manner; "and, what is more, I have told him every thing about Anne, except what has happened to-day. I am afraid I shall tell him *that*, when I feel lonely and miserable, after you have gone. There is something in Arnold—I don't know what it is—that comforts me. Besides, do you think he would betray a secret that I gave him to keep? You don't know how devoted he is to me!"

"My dear Blanche, I am not the cherished object of his devotion; of course I don't know! You are the only authority on that point. I stand corrected. Let us have Arnold, by all means. Caution him to be careful; and send him out by himself, where the roads meet. We have now only one other place left in which there is a chance of finding a trace of her. I undertake to make the necessary investigation at the Craig Fernie inn."

"The Craig Fernie inn? Uncle! you have forgotten what I told you."

"Wait a little, my dear. Miss Silvester herself has left the inn, I grant you. But (if we should unhappily fail in finding her by any other means) Miss Silvester has left a trace to guide us at Craig Fernie. That trace must be picked up at once, in case of accidents. You don't seem to follow me? I am getting over the ground as fast as the pony gets over it. I have arrived at the second of those two heads into which your story divides itself in my mind. What did Miss Silvester tell you had happened at the inn?"

"She lost a letter at the inn."

"Exactly. She lost a letter at the inn; that is one event. And Bishopriggs, the waiter, has quarreled with Mrs. Inchbare, and has left his situation; that is another event. As to the letter first. It is either really lost, or it has been stolen. In either case, if we can lay our hands on it, there is at least a chance of its helping us to discover something. As to Bishopriggs, next—"

"You're not going to talk about the waiter, surely?"

"I am? Bishopriggs possesses two important merits. He is a link in my chain of reasoning; and he is an old friend of mine."

"A friend of yours?"

"We live in days, my dear, when one workman talks of another workman as 'that gentleman.' I march with the age, and feel bound to mention my clerk as my friend. A few years since Bishopriggs was employed in the clerks' room at my chambers. He is one of the most intelligent and most unscrupulous old vagabonds in Scotland; perfectly honest as to all average matters involving pounds, shillings, and pence; perfectly unprincipled in the pursuit of his own interests, where the violation of a trust lies on the boundary-line which marks the limit of the law. I made two unpleasant discoveries when I had him in my employment. I found that he had contrived to supply himself with a duplicate of my seal; and I had the strongest reason to suspect him of tampering with some papers belonging to two of my clients. He had done no actual mischief, so far; and I had no time to waste in making out the necessary case against him. He was dismissed from my service, as a man who was not to be trusted to respect any letters or papers that happened to pass through his hands."

"I see, uncle! I see!"

"Plain enough now—isn't it? If that missing letter of Miss Silvester's is a letter of no importance, I am inclined to believe that it is merely lost, and may be found again. If, on the other hand, there is any thing in it that could promise the most remote advantage to any person in possession of it, then, in the execrable slang of the day, I will lay any odds, Blanche, that Bishopriggs has got the letter!"

"And he has left the inn! How unfortunate!"

"Unfortunate as causing delay—nothing worse than that. Unless I am very much mistaken, Bishopriggs will come back to the inn. The old rascal (there is no denying it) is a most amusing person. He left a terrible blank when he left my clerks' room. Old customers at Craig Fernie (especially the English), in missing Bishopriggs, will, you may rely on it, miss one of the attractions of the inn. Mrs. Inchbare is not a woman to let her dignity stand in the way of her business. She and Bishopriggs will come together again, sooner or later, and make it up. When I have put certain questions to her, which may possibly lead to very important results, I shall leave a letter for Bishopriggs in Mrs. Inchbare's hands. The letter will tell him I have something for him to do, and will contain an address at which he can write to me. I shall hear of him, Blanche; and, if the letter is in his possession, I shall get it."

"Won't he be afraid—if he has stolen the letter—to tell you he has got it?"

"Very well put, my child. He might hesitate with other people. But I have my own way of dealing with him; and I know how to make him tell Me.—Enough of Bishopriggs till his time comes. There is one other point, in regard to Miss Silvester. I may have to describe her. How was she dressed when she came here? Remember, I am a man—and (if an Englishwoman's dress *can* be described in an Englishwoman's language) tell me, in English, what she had on."

"She wore a straw hat, with corn-flowers in it, and a white veil. Corn-flowers at one side, uncle, which is less common than corn-flowers in front. And she had on a light gray shawl. And a *Piqué*—"

"There you go with your French! Not a word more! A straw hat, with a white veil, and with corn-flowers at one side of the hat. And a light gray shawl. That's as much as the ordinary male mind can take in; and that will do. I have got my instructions, and saved precious time. So far—so good. Here we are at the end of our conference—in other words, at the gate of the stable-yard. You understand what you have to do while I am away?"

"I have to send Arnold to the cross-roads. And I have to behave (if I can) as if nothing had happened."

"Good child! Well put again! You have got what I call grasp of mind, Blanche. An invaluable faculty! You will govern the future domestic kingdom. Arnold will be nothing but a constitutional husband. Those are the only husbands who are thoroughly happy. You shall hear every thing, my love, when I come back. Got your bag, Duncan? Good. And the time-table? Good. You take the reins—I won't drive. I want to think. Driving is incompatible with intellectual exertion. A man puts his mind into his horse, and sinks to the level of that useful animal—as a necessary condition of getting to his destination without being upset. God bless you, Blanche! To the station, Duncan! to the station!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WYOMING, one of the youngest of our Territories, possesses both wealth and enterprise, and bids fair in a few years to become an honor to the Republic. Strange as it may seem to those whose geography has become rusty, Wyoming is the very centre of the nation. A recent writer says: "The real divide of the continent is at Creston, one hundred and eighty-seven miles west of Sherman. Here, at an elevation of 7030 feet from the sea, in the midst of sage brush and alkali beds, is the real back-bone of the nation. Should a spring rise here its waters would divide, part flowing into the Pacific, and part into the Atlantic Ocean." Forty miles west of Laramie, one of the principal cities of Wyoming, is Sheep Mountain, whose peak is 13,000 feet above the sea. Laramie itself is regularly laid out, and has a stream of pure, clear water running through the principal streets. Gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal have been discovered in this Territory, and promise, in due course of time, to be the source of immense wealth. The mountains are covered with timber, and a great quantity of lumber is constantly being removed from them. The foliage at the base of some of the mountains is so dense that the sun never penetrates it even in summer.

A new location has been secured for the Union Theological Seminary, consisting of more than fifty lots, on St. Nicholas Avenue, between One Hundred and Thirtieth and One Hundred and Thirty-fourth streets. In view of the upward movement of population on this island, and its rapid extension across the river in Westchester County, it was considered that in a very short time the new location will be sufficiently central to meet all the necessities of such an institution, while it will also be provided with enlarged accommodations in an inviting neighborhood.

The blade of the guillotine by which the criminal career of Traupmann was ended weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This instrument of death is so arranged that, in descending the grooves at the foot of which it strikes the neck of the criminal, it acquires by the rapidity of its fall a force and weight of 800 pounds.

The Relapsing Fever—a disease which has prevailed extensively in Europe since 1863, and has recently gained a foothold in this city—differs from other fevers in the one particular which gives it the name. After a severe and rapid course of fever, continuing several days, followed by a remarkable cessation of fever, and the apparent beginning of convalescence—these two successive stages comprising nearly fourteen days—then, suddenly, the apparently convalescent patient is seized with a violent relapse of fever, from which recovery is so slow that the sufferer remains an invalid for many weeks. The certainty and severity of the relapse at the end of fourteen days is the striking mark by which this fever may be discovered. It is contagious, and, as Dr. Charles Murchison has said, is "the appendage of poverty and destitution." "Famine Fever," the Irish appellation of this disease, and its German name, "hunger typhus," express a leading fact in its epidemic history. Fortunately, it is not a very fatal disease; but the patients remain disabled for weeks and months.

The shop-windows are gorgeous with valentines. Hearts, and cupids, and doves, and every device which can represent the tender passion, are displayed in gold and silver and gay rainbow colors. The custom of sending valentines prevails largely among children in this city, who are always very much in earnest in the matter. The *older* young folks keep up the old custom in a spirit of pleasantry. The prices of these precious mementoes vary from one penny to twenty-five dollars; and a few are made of much higher value. A single firm in this city reports their sale of valentines in a single year to have amounted to $60,000. The entire sale of this kind of merchandise in the whole country amounts to several hundred thousand dollars.

An illustrated quarto on "Artistic Cookery," by Urbain Dubois, the renowned *chef* of the King of Prussia, is announced by a London publisher. Price two guineas. It is foretold that this will excel Jules Gouffé's "Classic Kitchen;" but Jules himself is preparing an immense work on preserving, confectionery, and kindred topics.

We understand that a couple of New York ladies have formed a mercantile copartnership, and have taken an office in Wall Street for the purpose of dealing in stocks and other securities. They are reported as exhibiting the ability necessary to the carrying on of a successful business. Certainly nobody has any right to interfere with them in the pursuit of any legitimate occupation. Yet we believe that the inclination of very few women will lead them to choose Wall Street as their daily business place.

A contract has been made for the building of the foundation structure of the suspension tower of the East River Bridge, on the Brooklyn side. The cost will be $200,000, the timber to be furnished by the company. This ponderous piece of mechanism, weighing about 3000 tons, will be constructed in the ship-yard of Webb & Co., of Greenpoint, and floated thence to the water side of the tower, which will be the easterly slip of the Fulton Ferry Company. The caissons will be 20 feet in thickness, and will be extended over a large surface, so that the immense weight of the superstructure may be only moderate upon every square foot. As the width of the East River varies from 1200 to 2500 feet, a vast amount of engineering skill and mechanism must be exercised in constructing a bridge across it. There are seven bridges over the River Thames in London, for ordinary traffic, and three exclusively for railways. The width of the Thames, through London, is from 870 to 1200 feet. The River Seine, through the city of Paris, is from 100 to 600 feet.

M. Du Camp, a well-known member of the press fraternity in Paris, has been allowed the gratification of a most singular curiosity. He wrote to the chief executioner, desiring that the guillotine might be fitted up for a private rehearsal for his own benefit. His request was granted, and a straw figure was guillotined with the usual ceremonies. This, however, did not quite satisfy him, and he gave himself up as a criminal to the executioners. A sham toilet was performed, and he was bound hand and foot. With his eyes fixed on the knife he then slowly and coolly mounted the steps, and was laid on the plank. His curiosity was then satisfied; but he may congratulate himself that he did not really lose his head.

One thousand and one hundred valuable Chinese works have been lately added to the British Museum. They were originally selected with a view to their bearing on the translation of the Chinese classics, and consist of numerous commentaries, lexicons, and explanatory volumes. Also there are many critical works on history and chronology, as well as on the antiquities of China, with all of which subjects it is essential that the student should be acquainted before he can hope to obtain a right understanding of the true meaning and value of the Chinese classics.

If any body desires to purchase an excursion ticket for a trip around the world, occupying only about ninety days, and costing between ten and twelve hundred dollars in gold, the arrangements for supplying the public with tickets are said to be nearly completed. By-and-by we shall think no more of going around the world than of going to the White Mountains.

Prince Arthur seems to have conducted himself with quiet, dignified self-possession during his visit in this city. But who would be a prince, after all? It must certainly be any thing but agreeable to be inspected like any curiosity in a museum; to have the way one walks, and looks, and speaks, and eats criticised by every gaping visitor; to be unable to enjoy a promenade of a quiet Sunday afternoon without a mob of curious gazers following at one's heels. Traveling must be infinitely more pleasant when one is not a lion, but only a common person.

The Prince, however, seems to have enjoyed himself pretty well among us. He attended balls and parties, churches and theatres, and admired the beauties and wonders of New York, of which we ourselves are not a little proud. A few times, also, he was so fortunate as to take a walk *incognito*, which must have been a luxury indeed. For, when a prince is to be seen, we are sorry to say that many, apparently well-bred in other respects, forget the courtesy which American ladies and gentlemen should always show.

The Sancy Diamond is now for sale at a jeweler's in Calcutta. It weighs 60⅝ rutties, and is stated to have been found on the body of the Duke of Burgundy. It was afterward, in 1479, bought by the King of Portugal. He sold it to Nicholas de Barly, Baron de Sancy, from whom it derived its name. Sancy sent it to the king as a present by the hand of a servant, who, being attacked by robbers, swallowed the stone, which was after his death found in his body. It finally came into the hands of James II., of England, who sold it to Louis XIV. for $125,000. In the French Revolution it disappeared—which was about the wisest thing it could do. Some years later it turned up again, and was bought by Prince Paul Demidoff. Now we hear of it at Calcutta, but how it came there is not stated.

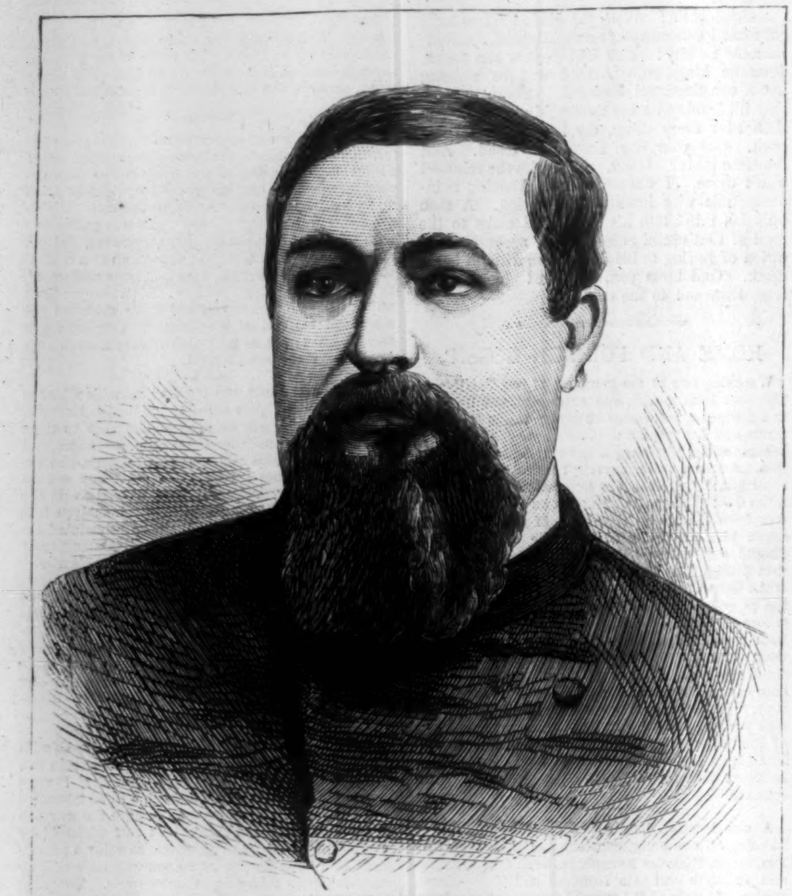
Before Traupmann was led to execution the Chief of the Detective Police, in the presence of many witnesses, thus addressed him: "Traupmann, now that your last moment approaches, will you confess your crime?" "No," he replied, in a firm voice; "that is to say, I have been guilty, but not of murder: I have not killed any one." "You persist in your assertion about your accomplices?" "Yes." "Will you name them?" All eyes were fastened on the criminal, and all present held their breath. "No," he curtly replied. A second time, when on his way to the guillotine, M. Claude asked him: "Do you persist in your assertions?" "I do, I do," he replied, with an incredible calmness. And again, after he had begun to ascend the scaffold, he stopped, and looked around for the Chief of the Police; but not seeing him, he said to the priest: "Tell Monsieur Claude that I persisted in my assertions to the last."

A ghost haunts the track of one of the Eastern railroads. It takes the form of a swinging light, and sometimes strange noises are heard. Some superstitious persons regard this as foreshadowing some great disaster; but the spiritualists say that it is the spirit of a man who was killed on the track about two years ago. We would gladly wish that the ghosts of all who have been killed by railroad accidents should haunt their death-place, if thereby future disasters might be fewer.

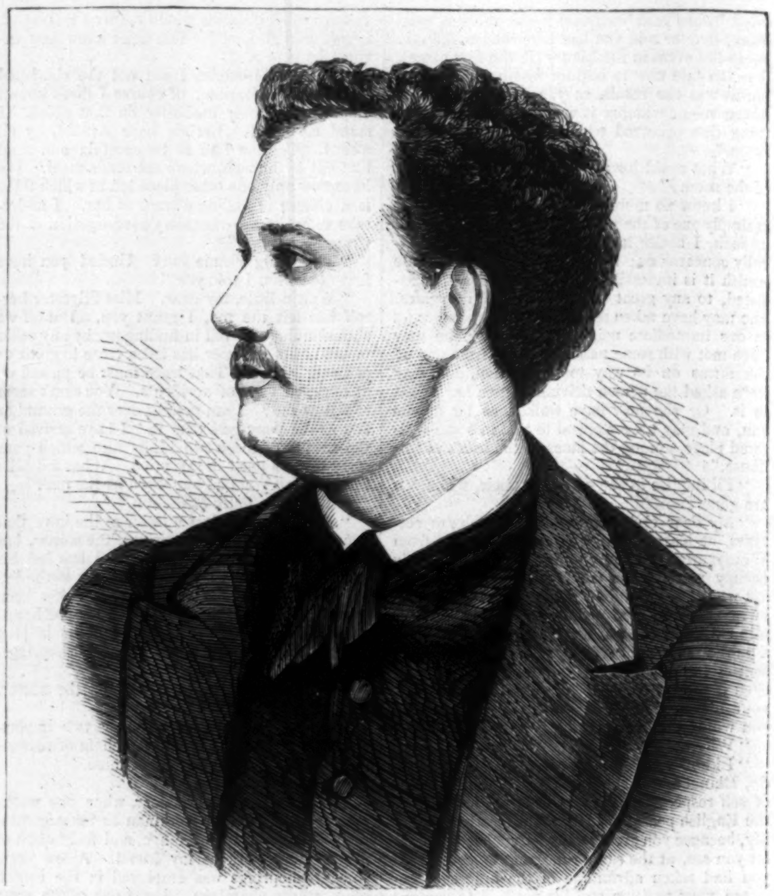
Letters were addressed to all the teachers in the public schools last week signed by the President of the Board of Education, calling attention to the rule of the Board requiring every child, before admission to any school, to be vaccinated as a precautionary measure against small-pox.

A farmer in Putnam County, Ohio, has a new kind of *mouser* which will put the poor cats quite in the back-ground. For several years he has kept a pair of black snakes in his barn, and all kinds of vermin have since entirely disappeared, and his cribs and bins are no more disturbed by rats and mice. They are better protection than a dozen cats, and are entirely harmless toward chickens and domestic animals. The snakes employed for this purpose are not the racers nor spotted variety, but a short, thick species, of a jet black color.

The Demidoff Gallery, one of the largest private collections of works of art in the world, is to be disposed of at auction in Paris during the next three months. This collection for the last forty years has been kept in the villa of San Dorato, a short distance below the Cascine, near Florence. Every thing in this collection is valuable; and as many articles will doubtless be sold for less than their real value, the opportunity for purchasing something rare is unusual. The sale commences on the nineteenth of February.



PIERRE BONAPARTE.



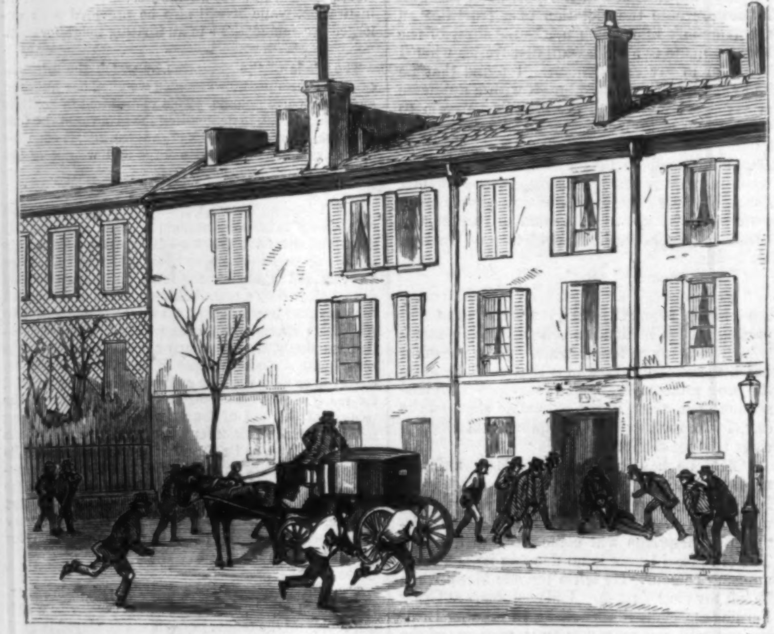
VICTOR NOIR.

PIERRE BONAPARTE AND VICTOR NOIR.

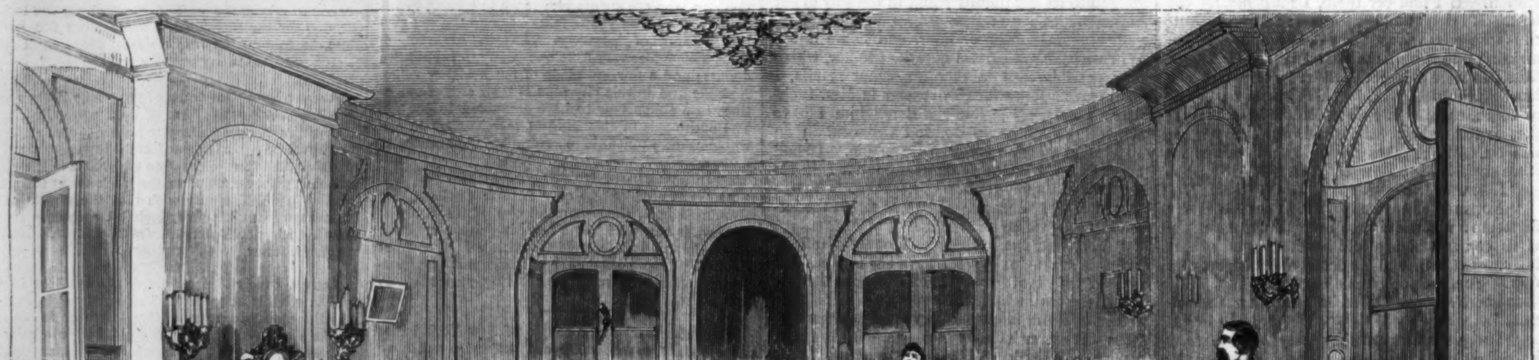
On this page will be found the portrait of Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte and that of Victor Noir, the journalist whom he recently quarreled with and shot. The Prince is the third son of Lucien, brother of Napoleon I., and was born at Rome in 1815. In 1832 he came to this country, to join his uncle Joseph, who had figured for a while as King of Spain; and from that time until the *coup d'état* placed the present Emperor in power he has led a wandering and adventurous career. From this country he went to Colombia, and joined the army of Santander, by whom he was placed in command of a squadron. Soon after he returned to Italy, where he was regarded with disfavor by the Papal Government, which in 1836 intimated to him that he should leave the Papal States. Surrounded by a troop of mounted police, he wounded two and killed their chief; he received, however, two wounds in the encounter, and had to surrender. After a rather long detention at Fort Saint Angelo, in Rome, he returned to this country. He next went to England, and thence to the island of Corfu. During an excursion in Albania he had a quarrel with the Pallikares, and sustained, almost unaided, a deadly combat. The English Government having induced him to leave the Italian and Greek coasts, he left for London, after vainly offering his services to France, and to Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. In 1848, on hearing the news of the revolution, he hastened to Paris, recalled to the public the life and opinions of his father (who had always entertained republican principles), and obtained a military appointment. He was elected a member of the Assembly from Corsica, and sided with the extreme republicans. The expedition to Rome received his warm opposition. He exhibited in all his conduct a self-willed, intractable disposition. In 1849 he went to Algeria, where he assisted at the first operations of the siege of Zaachta, and then, before the assault, and without permission, he returned to France. The Minister of War deprived him of his military rank, and this measure, which was followed by a duel between M. Pierre Bonaparte and a journalist of the extreme Right, received the express approbation of the Assembly.

Since the *coup d'état*, of which he did not approve, he has lived in retirement, and, though holding the rank of Prince, has not been considered as a member of the Imperial family. He is accustomed to amuse himself with literary pursuits, and writes much for the newspaper press. A controversy in a Corsican paper, in the course of which the Prince severely assailed M. Rochefort, led to the quarrel which resulted in the shooting of Victor Noir.

The circumstances of this tragedy are too fresh in the minds of our readers to require repetition here. The victim of the Prince was a young journalist of rare capacity attached to the *Marseillaise*—a political newspaper edited by M. Rochefort. His murder created a profound impression in France, and but for the firmness of the Emperor, and the extraordinary military precautions taken by him to secure the tranquillity of Paris, the popular excitement would, in all probability, have swelled into a revolution. The prompt arraignment of Prince Bonaparte also, doubtless, tended to allay the resentment with which the news of the tragedy was received.

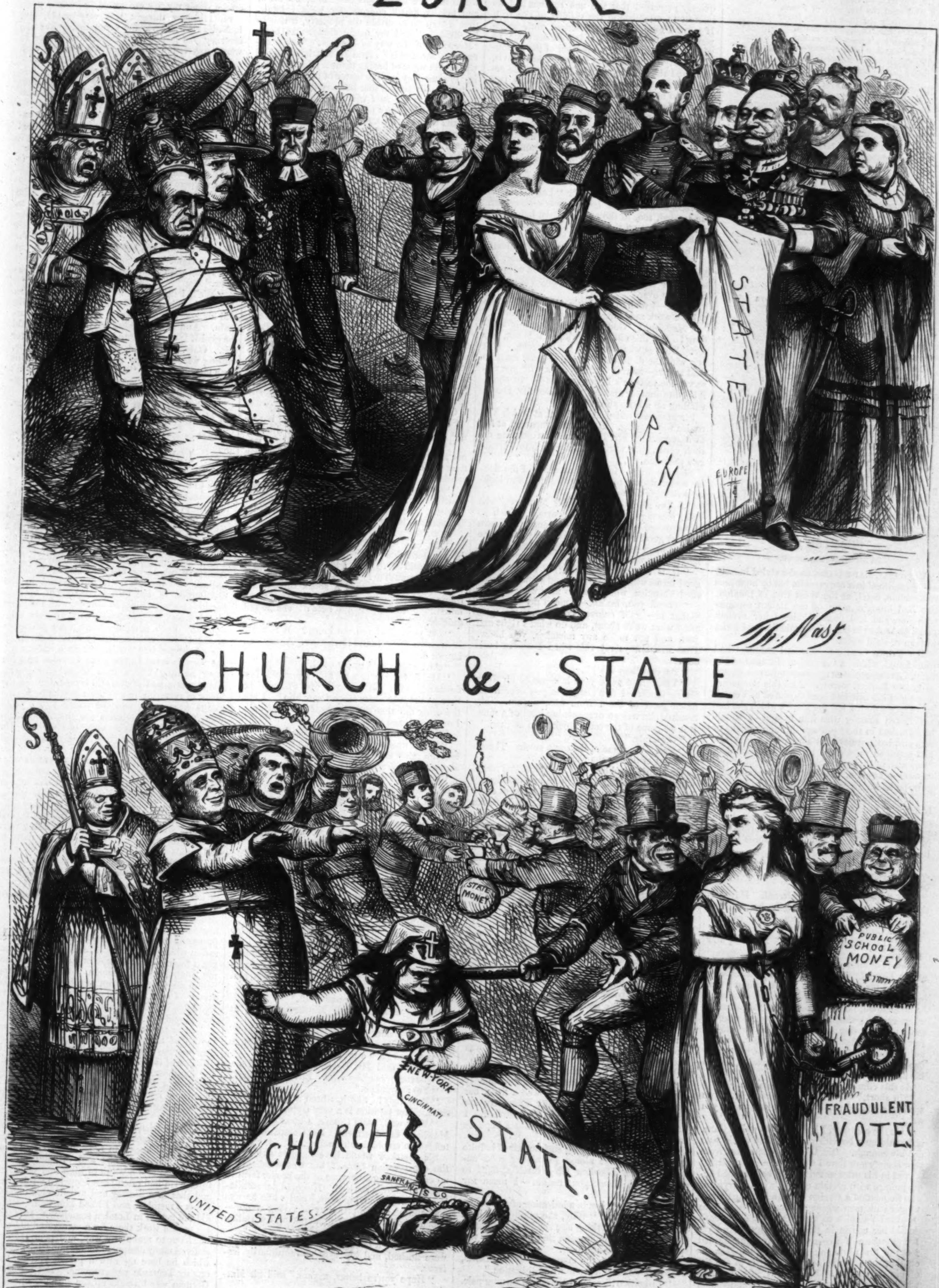


PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE'S RESIDENCE.



SCENE OF THE MURDER OF VICTOR NOIR.

EUROPE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UNITED STATES.
FRAUDULENT VOTES

CHURCH & STATE

UNITED STATES.

A LOVE-LETTER OF THE PERIOD.

Dear Willy,—I trust you are better,
And send the last copy of *Punch*.
I've scarcely the time for this letter
Before Mrs. Dashaway's lunch.
Of course it's a vast deprivation,
Your absence each evening—although
The Opera brings consolation,
And parties are frequent, you know.

Your illness quite grieves me; however,
My sympathy surely won't cheer.
I'm not the least particle clever
At comforting invalids, dear.
They tell me you're threatened with—gracious!
It *is* such a puzzler to spell;
But doctors are often fallacious,
And doubtless you'll shortly be well.

I hope, love, you have no objection
To my going out while you're ill;
Don't take it for lack of affection,
As sometimes I fancy you will.
Why can't I feel sad as sincerely
At parties as home in my bed?
And then I love dancing *so* dearly!
And then—you are sick, dear, not dead.

Ah no, Willy! social distractions
A nature like mine truly needs.
Besides, I don't govern my actions
According to popular creeds.
Mamma means to send you some guava
Quite soon. *Au-revoir* for to-day.
My ball-dresses came in the *Java*—
Miraculous fits, by-the-way.

Which one of your sisters, dear, is it
Who makes you so splendid a nurse?
Don't ask me to pay you a visit,
Unless you're decidedly worse.
In sick-rooms I'm utterly silly;
So spare me, I beg you—but please
Believe me forever, dear Willy,
Your very devoted

Louise.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book IV.

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW BARONET.

Veronica, Lady Gale, as she styled herself, was established in a respectable, but by no means fashionable, hotel, at the West End of London. She had brought none of the Italian servants with her, and had even dismissed her French maid, and taken in her stead a middle-aged Swiss woman of staid ugliness.

For Prince Cesare de' Barletti lodgings had been found, within a convenient distance of the hotel. At these modest apartments he was known as Signor Barletti merely. And this temporary lopping of his title had been executed at Veronica's express desire, lest the glories which she had anticipated sharing with him by-and-by should be tarnished in their passage through regions of comparative poverty and obscurity. She also had enjoined on Cesare to keep himself aloof from such of his compatriots as he might chance to meet in London. This latter injunction, however, he had not kept to the letter.

The truth was that poor Cesare was desperately dull and forlorn. His visits to Veronica were of the most rigidly formal character, and the invariable presence of the Swiss maid during these interviews had caused some sharp words to pass between the cousins.

"At Naples, at least, I could see you and speak to you, sometimes, without a hideous duenna," complained Cesare.

"At Naples things were different. Have patience. We must risk nothing by imprudence. Louise understands no Italian. You can say what you please before her."

"But I hate the sight of her. Dio mio, how ugly she is!"

Then Veronica would bid him go out and amuse himself. But he declared that London depressed his spirits with a leaden weight; that he could not speak ten words of English so as to be understood, nor understand half that number when spoken; that he could not wander about the streets all day; that he had no club to resort to; that London was cold, ugly, smoky, noisy, dull; and that there had not even been one fog since his arrival—a spectacle he had all his life longed to see.

At this climax Veronica lost patience.

"In short," she observed, disdainfully, "you are like a spoiled child, and don't know what you want."

"On the contrary, I know but too well. Cara, if I could only be with you, the time would pass quickly enough. But I am more banished from your society now than I was when—*he* was alive."

And in his utter ennui Cesare had scraped acquaintance with certain of his own countrymen, who frequented a foreign café, and smoked many a cigar with men whose appearance would have mortified Veronica to the quick, could she have beheld her cousin in their company. And yet the difference of a coat would have transformed some of them into as good men as he, even including the pedigree of the Barlettis in the list of his advantages. But it was just the coat which Veronica would very well have understood to be of extreme importance.

Mr. Frost had, as he had said to Hugh Lockwood, declined to act as Veronica's legal adviser. But he had, at Cesare's request, given her the name of a respectable lawyer who would assume the responsibility of looking after her interests. Cesare could not be got to understand Mr. Frost's motives for not conducting the case himself, but Veronica declared that she understood them.

Meanwhile there had been several interviews between Mr. Lane and the respective lawyers of Sir Matthew Gale and Veronica.

Mr. Simpson, Veronica's lawyer, of course quickly perceived that the new baronet had no interest in establishing the validity of the will. If it were established, he inherited nothing beyond the entailed estate; if it were set aside, he would receive a certain proportion of the personal property. Sir Matthew's lawyer, Mr. Davis, perceived this also as soon as he was made acquainted with the contents of the will. It had been read at Mr. Lane's office, there being present Sir Matthew, Mr. Frost, the agent—who, it will be remembered, was named executor—and the two lawyers above mentioned.

Mr. Simpson, a heavy-mannered, pasty-faced man, with two dull black eyes, like currants stuck in dough, conceived the idea of making Sir Matthew acquainted with his client. Their interests were nearly identical, and he felt that it would be a desirable thing for "Lady Gale" to be recognized by the late baronet's successor. He trusted, too, to the effects of the lady's personal influence on the shy, awkward, provincial bachelor.

The meeting was consequently brought about.

"It can do you no harm to call on her, Sir Matthew," said Mr. Davis. "It would not prejudice *your* case to say she was Lady Tallis Gale fifty times over."

"I—I—I wish to do what's right, Davis. It's ticklish work meddling with wills, you know."

"Meddling! God forbid, my dear Sir Matthew! But this either is a will, or it is not, you see. That is what we have got to prove. If it *is* a will, the dispositions of the testator must be held sacred—sacred. If it is *not* a will, you observe, the testator's intentions are— In short, it is quite another matter," responded Mr. Davis, winding up a little abruptly.

Sir Matthew called at the hotel at which Veronica was staying. He was accompanied at his own request by Mr. Davis, and, on sending up their cards, they were both ushered into Veronica's presence.

She was dressed in deep mourning, of the richest materials and most elegant fashion, and looked strikingly lovely.

"I am glad to see you, Sir Matthew," she said, making him a superb courtesy, which so embarrassed him that, in his attempt to return it by as good a bow as he knew how to make, he backed upon Mr. Davis, and nearly hustled him into the fire-place.

"It is naturally gratifying to me to be on good terms with my late husband's family," pursued Veronica, when the two men were seated.

"Thank you, ma'am—I mean my—my lady—that is— Of course, you know, we must mind what we're about, and do what's right and just, and not make any mistakes, you know. That was always my rule when I was in business."

"An excellent rule!"

"Yes. And as to your late—as to Sir John Gale's family—I don't suppose you ever heard much good of them from *him*, ma'am. My cousin John was an overweening kind of a man. But we come of the same stock, him and me."

"Certainly."

"Yes. We come of the same stock. There's no doubt of that in the world."

Sir Matthew rubbed his knee round and round with his handkerchief, which he had doubled up into a ball for the purpose; and looked at every part of the room save that in which Veronica was seated.

She was in her element. Here was an opportunity to charm, to dazzle, to surprise. This man was vulgar, rather mean, and not overwise. No matter, he could be made to admire her—and he should!

It was already evident that Sir Matthew had not expected to find so elegant and dignified a lady in the person who claimed to be his cousin's widow. The history of her relations with Sir John was known to him, and the ideas conjured up by such a history in the mind of a man like Matthew Gale were greatly at variance with Veronica's manners and aspect.

"I am sorry that Sir John was not on terms with his very few surviving relatives," she said, with the least possible touch of hauteur. "You see his path in life had been very different from theirs."

"So much the better for *them*, if all tales be true!" exclaimed Sir Matthew. He had now screwed his handkerchief into a rope, and was fettering his leg with it.

Veronica was not embarrassed by having to meet his eyes, for he turned them studiously away from her. Her cheek glowed a little, but she answered, quietly, "Family differences are of all others the most difficult of adjustment. I have never entered into them. But I hope *we* may be friends."

She said the words with such an air of infinite condescension—of almost protecting good-nature, that Sir Matthew felt himself obliged to reply, "Oh, thank you, ma'am—I mean my lady!"

Mr. Davis was lost in admiration of this young woman's talents. "Why, she might have been a duchess, or any thing else she liked!" thought he, marking the impression that her manner was producing on Sir Matthew.

"My feeling on the matter," said Mr. Davis, "is that we should try to avoid litigation."

"Litigation!" echoed Veronica, turning pale. "Oh yes, yes. Litigation would be terrible!"

The word represented to her imagination browbeating counselors, newspaper scurrility, and the publicity of that "fierce light that beats upon" a court of law. She had all along shrunk from the idea of going to law. She had relied on Mr. Frost's dictum, that if her marriage could be proved to be valid, there would be no further question of the will. And she rested all her hopes on this point.

"*I* sha'n't litigate," said Sir Matthew, quickly. "I don't see what I've got to litigate about. The bit of money that would come to me wouldn't be worth it. For there's lots of second, and third, and maybe fourth cousins, for what I know, that 'll turn up to divide the property, if it is to be divided. And my motto always has been, 'Keep out of the way of the law.' You'll excuse me, Mr. Davis!" And Sir Matthew laughed with a dim sense of having made a joke, and having in some way got the better of his attorney.

"The only person that has any thing to go to law about, as far as *I* can see," said Sir Matthew, after a minute's pause, "is the person that inherits the property under the will! This Miss Desmond. I don't know why my cousin John should have gone and left all his money to his wife's niece. He was none so fond of her family, nor of her, during his lifetime! And I fancy they looked down on him. I suppose he did it just to spite his own relations."

Veronica was silent.

"Oh, by-the-way," pursued Sir Matthew, "there's some one else that wouldn't much like the will to be set aside—that's Mr. Lane. He's executor, and a legatee, besides, to the tune of a couple of thousand pounds."

"Mr. Lane appears to be an honest, upright person," said Veronica. "I have seen him once or twice. And he speaks very reasonably."

Mr. Davis glanced piercingly at Veronica.

"Oh," said he; "your ladyship finds Mr. Lane reasonable?"

At this moment the door was opened, and Cesare walked into the room. He stared a little at the two men, neither of whom he had ever seen before. But Veronica hastily informed him, in Italian, who the visitors were, and turning to Sir Matthew, presented Cesare to him as "My cousin, Prince Cesare de' Barletti."

Cesare bowed, and said, "Ow-dew-doo?"

Sir Matthew bowed, and said nothing; but he was considerably impressed by Cesare's title.

"Oh, I didn't know," he stammered; "I was not aware—I mean I had never heard that you were—connected with foreigners, ma'am, so to speak."

"My mother," said Veronica, with graceful nonchalance, "was a daughter of the house of Barletti. The principality is in the south of the Neapolitan district."

"Oh, really!" said Sir Matthew.

"Mr. Simpson informed me that he was to have an interview with Miss Desmond's guardian to-day," said Mr. Davis, addressing Veronica.

"Her—guardian?" said Veronica, breathlessly. The word had sent a shock through her frame. Maud's guardian! Why that was *her* father! "Is he—is he here?" she asked, quickly.

"Oh yes. Did you not know? It is a Mr. Lovegrove, of Frost and Lovegrove. A very well-known firm."

"Ah! Oh yes, I understand."

"Mr. Lovegrove acts for Miss Desmond, I understand. Do you know if Mr. Simpson has been at the Admiralty since I saw him? I read the other day that the *Furibond* was paid off at Portsmouth last week."

"I believe he has," answered Veronica, faintly.

"Then, madam, I make bold to say that, unless the other side are determined to litigate at all hazards, you will soon be put out of suspense."

Cesare's ear had caught the faint tones of Veronica's voice, and Cesare's anxious eye had marked her pallor and agitation as the prospect of a speedy verdict on her fate was placed before her. He came immediately to her side. "Thou art not well, dearest," he said, in his own language.

"Yes, quite well. Don't make a scene, Cesare! I will go into my room for a smelling-bottle, and come back directly."

"Can I not ring for Louise?"

"No. Stay here."

And Veronica, with a murmured apology to Sir Matthew, glided out of the room.

"Is any thing the matter with Lady—with your—with the lady?" asked Sir Matthew.

Cesare, left alone with the two Englishmen, felt himself called upon to make a great conversational effort. He inflated his chest slowly, and answered:

"She—went—for—some—salt."

"Eh?" exclaimed Sir Matthew, staring at him.

"English salt. Sale inglese. Come si dice?"

In his despair Cesare raised his closed fist to his nose and gave a prolonged sniff.

"Aha!" said Mr. Davis, with a shrewd air. "To be sure; *smelling salts*. Eh? Headache?"

"Yes: eddekke."

"Poor lady! She has been a good deal excited. Her position is a very trying one."

"Very well," said Cesare, a good deal to Sir Matthew's bewilderment. But Cesare merely intended an emphatic affirmative.

Sir Matthew would have liked to strike into the conversation himself, but was withheld by an embarrassing ignorance of the proper form in which to address Barletti. He could not certainly call him "your highness," and while he was deliberating on the propriety of saying sĕnior—which was his notion of pronouncing the Italian for "sir"—Veronica returned.

She looked a changed creature. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes extraordinarily lustrous.

"Hope you're better, ma'am," said Sir Matthew.

"Thank you. I have been suffering a little from headache. But it is not severe. I must have patience. My nerves have been greatly shattered."

Her tone was so plaintive, and her face so beautiful, as she said this, that Sir Matthew began to feel a rising indignation against his dead cousin, who could find it in his heart to deceive so charming a creature.

"I—I hope it will come right for you," he said. "I do, upon my soul!"

"I only ask for justice, Sir Matthew. I have undergone great and unmerited suffering. But on that topic my lips are sealed."

Sir Matthew thought this very noble, and looked at Mr. Davis for sympathy. But the attorney was gazing at Veronica, with eyes in whose expression admiration was blended with a kind of watchful curiosity.

By the time the visit was brought to a close the new baronet was completely converted into a partisan of "his cousin's widow," as he now markedly entitled her.

"She's not at all the sort of person I had expected," he said to Mr. Davis, as they walked away together.

"Is she not, Sir Matthew?"

"And that cousin of hers—I suppose he *is* really a prince, eh?"

"I suppose so—an Italian prince."

"Yes, of course. Well, it isn't for the sake of the share of the money that would come to me—I've got the entailed estate, and no thanks to my cousin John either! He would have left it away from me if he could. No, it isn't for that; but I do hope her marriage will turn out to be all right."

"It can not be long before we know, Sir Matthew."

"Well, I do hope it will come right for her. My cousin John behaved shamefully to her. He did his best to spite his own family into the bargain. And I don't mind saying that I should be glad if it turned out to be the case of the biter bit. Only," he added, after a minute's pause, during which he grew almost frightened at his own incautious tone, "only, of course we mustn't go and be rash, and get ourselves into any trouble. A will's a will, you know."

"Why that is just what remains to be seen, Sir Matthew."

LOVE AND PATIENCE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

There was a birthday party given in one of the streets crossing Fifth Avenue—indeed the inmates of the house, if ambitious of gentility, might almost claim to live in Fifth Avenue—to celebrate another anniversary in the life of one of the daughters. It was a pleasant party, although this story-teller was one of the guests. There was quite a pretty little ceremony—is it of American origin, or old English, or Knickerbocker, or German?—which consisted in the distribution of the birthday-cake, cut up into portions corresponding in number with the years of the young lady whose nativity we were celebrating. Each portion—there were seventeen of them—was ornamented by a little taper, of the Christmas-tree family, set on a silver wire, the wire inserted in the piece of cake, and the taper lighting like a little social glow-worm. There was a sort of graceful competition for the honor of receiving one of these portions—for the guests were many and the young lady's years were few—and doubtless the distributors observed something like an order of seniority. On this principle it was (*eheu!*) only too natural that the narrator should receive a *maccolo*, to the exclusion of some disappointed competitors who, like Virgil's rustics, were therein fortunate, if they did but appreciate the luck of their fewer years. Many a pretty little speech was made, many a genial wish was uttered by those who received the sweet and flaming fragments, and by those who did not; and many kisses were given to the heroine of the feast by the matrons and maids around. One of the latter class, in the act of kissing, especially attracted my attention by the gracefulness of her form and her movements, by the delicate and singular beauty of her face, the expression of intellect and refinement in her eyes. I was, indeed, so much struck by her that I could not help asking my hostess who she was; and this led to my being presented to her, and our gliding into a conversation which took its start in the fact that I had got a fragment of the cake and she had not, and my condolences thereupon, and cheaply-magnanimous offer to resign my possession in her favor. I soon found that she was a girl of remarkable intelligence and culture, with much vivacity, and evidently a good deal of character.

Just at the moment when I had received my morsel of birthday-cake, some one who stood near me was shaken suddenly against me by the pressure of the little crowd around, and my shining fragment, my fire-fly of confectionery, was nearly sent to the ground. The person who thus came into collision with me was beginning a courteous and earnest apology, when he and I broke into a simultaneous expression of recognition and a friendly greeting. I recognized and was glad to meet young Herrman Oppenheim, whom I had known in London. He was a musician, a pianist of rare and brilliant promise, and he was also a youth of high and varied culture. He had often been brought by this friend and that to a literary and artistic club of which I was a member, and I liked him well. But he did not get on in London somehow. It is terribly up-hill work there for a young and unknown musician to make any way, and poor Herrman suffered many disappointments and trials, against which he bore up with a proud, patient, thoroughly Teutonic perseverance. But the Dano-German war brought up the furious, unreasoning ephemeral passion of the English public mind against every thing German, especially every thing Prussian; and Oppenheim was more sensitive about his country than about himself. He writhed under the injuries flung against Germany by English journalists and politicians, and I had often heard him vow that if he could only get money enough to pay off some debts, and enable him to provide for a passage across the

Atlantic and a new start in life, he would try his chances in America. So when he vanished out of the circle where I used to meet him I assumed that he was gone to the United States, and presently forgot him. We forget each other terribly soon in London.

I was surprised and pleased to meet him again. We had no time just then for explanations or long talk; but we exchanged promises of a speedy meeting and full confidences.

Let me now come back to my fair friend, the beautiful and intellectual Augusta Fielden. In the course of our conversation I told her of the odd and unexpected chance which had brought me here face to face with my friend the musician; and as he happened to pass across the room at that moment, I pointed him out to her.

Herrman was a handsome, dark-eyed youth, with the true artistic mould of head and face. Except that he was much taller, he looked very like a young English poet who has had the fortune to be more warmly praised and more bitterly denounced than even poets commonly are. I made mention of this fact to Miss Fielden as I called her attention to my friend.

To my surprise, the young lady's face crimsoned, and her eyelids dropped, and she seemed quite discomposed and almost agitated.

"I know that gentleman," she said, in a somewhat tremulous voice; "that is, I have met him, but I too did not expect to see him here."

And now Herrman Oppenheim had seen her, and his pale face glowed as brightly as hers, and he came to a full stop, and his eyes sparkled; and he seemed uncertain whether to come over to us or to pass us by; and in truth he was greatly agitated; and, as Miss Miggs would say, "here's mysteries!"

"Will you introduce your friend? I should be glad if you would," Miss Fielden said.

"But I thought you knew him?"

"Yes, oh yes; that is, I mean we have met. He was in the steamer in which we came from Europe; but we were not exactly introduced; and if you would—"

"Of course I shall be delighted."

So I crossed the room, and said to my friend: "Come with me, Oppenheim. I want to introduce you to Miss Augusta Fielden."

"Oh, thank you, my friend; thousand, thousand thanks! True, good friend!" Herrman whispered, with an earnestness that was quite passionate; and he pressed my hand with fervor. Truly an unexpected and wonderful amount of gratitude for a favor which cost me so little to bestow.

As I presented Oppenheim I observed that he almost trembled, and that Miss Augusta was hardly less agitated. One glance that passed between them might have made the dullest observer, placed so closely and favorably as I, suspect some love-mystery. I left them together. Herrman sat beside her for a while, and they spoke in low tones; then some one else came up, and my friend resigned his place sadly. I would have sought him out but that our hostess intercepted him, and begged him to play something on the piano. He played superbly, and I knew full well that he made the instrument just now the bearer of many a message to Miss Fielden, which probably he dared not put into words. He played a selection of *morceaux*, apparently taken at random—Mendelssohn's air, to which Heine has the tender, thrilling words, "Ich wollte mein Schmerzen;" passages from Beethoven's *Adelaide;* passionate love-bursts from Mozart and Meyerbeer—all that he played but one prolonged, ever-varying monologue of love. I glanced more than once almost involuntarily to where Miss Fielden was sitting; and though her eyes were downcast, and her mouth and cheeks had regained their composure, I knew that her soul accepted and rejoiced in the message; and that here in this crowded drawing-room, here in the centre of this brilliant commonplace, a love-drama was going on, with Herrman Oppenheim and Augusta Fielden for actors, and myself for the one only spectator.

Something disagreeable presently occurred—something which reminded me of an incident in "Martin Chuzzlewit," only that there was nothing in it discreditable to any of the persons involved. Among the many listeners who expressed an enthusiastic admiration for Herrman's playing, one of the warmest in her praises was Mrs. Fielden, mother of Augusta. Now Mrs. Fielden was, I had already found out, a sort of queen of society in this particular circle—a woman of wealth and culture and ambition, who ruled her husband and her set. Our hostess hastened to present Herrman to her. Herrman was confused, embarrassed, could hardly speak, while Mrs. Fielden kindly patronized him and his glorious art. I could understand something of the cause of his embarrassment.

"His manners are awkward," said Mrs. Fielden, when he had fallen back. She was addressing herself partly to me, partly to our hostess. "I think I have seen his face somewhere before now."

"Why, certainly," said the hostess, with a smile. "He was a fellow-passenger of yours. He came over with you in the *Weser* when you were returning from your European tour."

"Oh no, certainly not. He was not one of the passengers."

"Indeed yes."

"Did he say so?"

"He did, and so did your daughter Augusta."

"My daughter told you so?"

"Yes, dear, she did."

Mrs. Fielden looked so amazed and angry that I thought it best to interpose and hazard an explanation.

"The truth is," I said, "that I fancy my friend Herrman Oppenheim was, like many other young artists, very poor when in London; and I dare say he roughed it, poor fellow, and came out in the fore-part of the steamer; and Miss Fielden may have chanced to see him."

Mrs. Fielden's brow ceased to look angry, and became compassionate. She was not like the people in "Martin Chuzzlewit." She was a lady, and, with all her pride and her love of supremacy, she had a heart. "Poor fellow!" she said; "I hope he is doing well now. I am sure he has talents enough to win success;" and I noticed that she soon after actually sought out the young musician, and was specially kind and cordial in her manner to him.

I walked with my friend Herrman some part of the way home that night, and heard a little of his history since his leaving London. He had now been a few months in New York, and he had already made some friends, and was beginning to do pretty well, and to have a tolerably fair prospect. About his previous acquaintance with Augusta Fielden he was less effusive probably than most of his countrymen would have been; but he said enough. He saw her for the first time on board the steamer. He had, as I guessed, taken a passage in the emigrants' part of the vessel. The emigrants were nearly all Germans; and he used to beguile the time for many of them, when the sea was tolerably calm, by playing on the flute and the cornet-à-piston, on each of which instruments he was nearly as skillful a performer as on the piano. Drawn that way by the exquisite music, Miss Fielden and one or two of the other cabin-passengers had often joined the circle in the fore-part of the vessel; and Miss Fielden very soon found out that Herrman was an artist, a scholar, and a gentleman, for all his poverty. She was a candid, fearless, true-hearted American girl; and I fancy they had many a walk along the deck, and many a night looked down upon the darkling rushing waves and up to the starry skies, while mamma was seated, calmly and grandly, in the lighted saloon below. Then the voyage came to an end, and they parted, each feeling something which might not well be expressed—which one at least would not acknowledge even to herself—Herrman was too poor, too proud, too sadly uncertain of his future, to make any attempt to keep up the acquaintance; and so they never met again until chance brought them together at the birthday party.

After this Mrs. Fielden herself took up the young musician quite enthusiastically. She praised him, patronized him, pushed him every where—really was, in her own magnificent way, extremely kind to him. She gave brilliant receptions on Friday evenings throughout the winter; and my friend Herrman was quite a lion there always. Indeed, he was now in a fair way to make quite a good income as a musician; and Mrs. Fielden never thought of him in any other capacity.

Not so her daughter, as I at least could see; and others too, doubtless. Herrman Oppenheim and Augusta Fielden were as plainly in love with each other as any two beings I ever saw; and indeed Nature seemed to have made them to be lovers—they were both so handsome, so graceful, so highly gifted with artistic tastes and sympathies.

Herrman made me his confidant, told me of his passion, his hopes, his fears, and asked for my advice. He had not yet openly and in words declared his love to Miss Fielden, although he felt little doubt as to what her answer would be; and he asked me whether I thought he ought to speak to the daughter or the mother first. As the girl was considerably under age, I advised him, from the European point of view, to approach the mother first, and obtain her consent before seeking any pledge from the daughter. This, it seemed to me, would be the more honorable and manly way; and seeing the friendship Mrs. Fielden had lately shown to him, the intimacy to which she had admitted him, I, like himself, was ready to believe that his suit would be graciously and cordially received.

I do not know whether it would have made any difference in the end if, on the very day before Herrman resolved to open the subject to Mrs. Fielden, some kind-hearted friend had not told the latter that somebody in New York society was talking of Augusta's marriage to the young pianist as quite a matter of certainty. Perhaps this did not substantially change the condition of things; but it greatly affected Mrs. Fielden's manner of dealing with my unlucky friend. His love for her daughter, which she had never suspected or dreamed of, seemed now not merely a piece of unwarrantable audacity, but an act of downright ingratitude and treachery. She did not wait for any proposal or explanation from him, but wrote him a bitter, passionate letter, accusing him of ungratefulness and deceit, charging him with an endeavor to delude her daughter into marriage for the sake of the daughter's fortune, and forbidding him ever to enter her house again.

This letter was late in reaching Herrman. I have heard that letters sent by the New York post-office are not uncommonly a little slow in reaching their destination. Herrman went next day to see Mrs. Fielden, quite resolved to tell her of his love and plead to her. He was wholly ignorant of the fact that she had already sent him an insulting dismissal. She was just descending her own steps to enter her carriage as he came up. Her daughter and two other ladies were with her. Mrs. Fielden wholly lost her temper, forgot her good sense, and all feelings of propriety. She assailed the poor artist with indignant, scornful, insulting words, and bade him never again to come near the house, and then got into her carriage and left him *planté là*, bewildered, speechless, burning with shame and disappointment and passion.

Not one word had Augusta uttered. He told me that she stood pale, silent, cold, with no gleam of emotion apparent on her face. No glance of sympathy or pity or sorrow turned upon him to help him to bear his grief and his humiliation. She never looked at him—and so she left him.

He sent for me that evening and poured out the story of his repulse and his degradation, and the bitter pangs of his deceived and wounded love. I thought none the less of him because he laid his head on the table and burst into a passion of tears. Men in England don't shed tears; neither, I suppose, do American men. We suffer no matter what agonies, and no looker-on ever sees the water flow from our eyes. But the German, the Frenchman, the Italian are as brave as we are, and they will think no shame to cry like children, before no matter what spectator, if the rod of fate and misfortune has stricken the seal of the fountain of tears sharply enough to bid the waters flow. They do not suffer more keenly than we, nor are we any stronger than they, only we have our different ways. I am surely any thing but a Mars in bravery; yet I don't think I should bellow aloud in the hearing of a multitude if I received a wound; and Homer's war god roared under such provocation louder than a herd of bulls of Bashan.

I did my best to console my hapless friend. Every body knows how valuable ordinary consolation is under such circumstances, and what an immediate and magical effect it has in reconciling the sufferer to his fate. I preached to him of the notorious inconstancy and perfidy of woman; showed him how much better it was to lose than to win a heartless girl; dilated on the danger of ill-assorted marriages; pointed out how many women there probably were in the world better worthy of his love than the cold and false Augusta; reminded him that there are many cases in which, according to Longfellow, disappointment is ever so much better than success—and so on. He was as much consoled by this wisdom as any body else under the circumstances would have been. Probably he did not listen to much of it. Even while I was thus trying to assuage his grief I kept thinking to myself what a foolish and shallow absurdity is every such effort to diminish, by mere words, the reality of a human sorrow. I sincerely pitied my friend, and at last charitably forbore to "argue with the inexorable." Indeed, I was making up my mind that the best thing I could do was to go away, and leave him alone to wrestle with his misery or to succumb to it.

A tap at his door aroused him. He motioned to me to open the door—indeed he, the poor fellow, could do nothing just then. A letter for him, addressed in a woman's handwriting, was given to me. I gave it to him; he started at the sight of it, and opened it with trembling, eager hands, and read it once and again, and smote the table, and sprang to his feet, and flung his arms up toward heaven, and performed other such wild feats expressive of ecstasy and rapture.

"Oh Heaven!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing and his lips quivering, "was there ever so generous and noble a being? Ah, how cruelly I have misunderstood her and wronged her! Can I ever forgive myself? Read, read, my dear friend—it is right that you should read it—you must read it."

So I took the letter and read:

"I was speechless to-day, Herrman, when you were insulted; I *could* not speak there. But if you are guilty, I am too—for I love you! I love you better than all the world; and if you will have me for a wife, I will share any poverty with you. I will wait, if you think it best to wait—I will marry you to-morrow, in the face of all the world, if you so wish it. To-morrow or in years to come, at any time, always, I am, with undying love, your own Augusta."

I confess that, as I read that letter, I was nearer to tears than when I looked on Herrman's agony and despair.

"Herrman," I said, "for the sake of that sweet and noble girl, you must do nothing rash. You must wait. Time will settle all this, and bring you to a happy union."

"My friend," he replied, with a sweet, sad smile, "henceforward I think no more of myself, but only of her. I will strive for her, win success for her, wait for her. One who has the gift of such a love can afford to be patient with fortune—for her sake."

I did not see, or wish to see, the letter he wrote in reply to Augusta. I could well imagine how tender, fervid, passionate would be the love it breathed; how noble and manly the patient, self-denying resolve it expressed. The lovers waited. Augusta had told her mother fearlessly and calmly that she loved the artist, that she would always love him, and that she would wait for him. Her mother smiled with pitying incredulity, and looked with confidence for the change a season or two would make. The seasons went, and there was no change in Augusta's heart or purpose. This pair of lovers never met, never tried to meet—never did any thing clandestine. So long as Augusta remained a minor, and under the guardianship of her mother (her father counted for nothing), they resolved that they would, thus far at least, respect inflexibly the parental authority. They lived for each other wholly separated; they lived almost literally on love. "Love and Patience," Herrman said to me, cheerily, one day, "against any two parents."

Need I say that Love and Patience conquered? Mrs. Fielden was not an unkind or ungenerous woman at heart. She looked one day at her daughter's pale, melancholy face and sighed, and then whispered:

"Augusta, my child, you still, then, love *him?*"

"Still love him! I shall never cease to love him."

Her mother kissed her, and straightway wrote to Herrman:

"Come and see her! I am defeated! I thought I was acting for her happiness; and now I know I was wrong. You have conquered, and I fully believe you deserve your victory and all your reward. Forgive me, and have some affection for me too."

Soon after I read that my two friends were married.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It was an Irishman who wrote to his son in the "ould counthry:" "Come till Ameriky, Mike. 'Tis a fine counthry to get a living in. All ye have to do is to get a three-cornered box and fill it wid bricks, and carry it till the top of a three-story building, and the man at the top does all the work." It was another of the same nationality who, hearing that his widowed mother had married again, since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed: "Murther! I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose the whole estate."

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice—"I suppose you think me a bit of a humbug?" "Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware until now that you could so readily discover a man's thought by feeling his pulse."

The biggest Block-head out—The Cardiff Giant.

A matrimonial advertisement in a Paris paper reads: "A single gentleman, Protestant, and possessed of rentes, wishes to marry a Protestant lady, very distinguished, and possessed of more rentes."

Late Habits—Night-gowns.

A lady leaving home was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember and buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a religious one, so that I can use it once on Sunday."

Recipe to avoid Draughts—Don't take any.

A Cincinnati paper advertises for "girls for cooking." A contemporary replies: "You would like them raw, when you get accustomed to them."

A negro clergyman addressed his congregation thus: "B'loved bredren and sisters, you dunno how to tell de sheeps from de goats? Bery well! I shall ask you which ob dem hab de wool, and which ob dem hab de hair?"

"My dear wife," as the man said when he looked at the last milliner's bill.

A sailor explains the distribution of prize-money to be as follows: "It is sifted through a ladder. What falls through goes to the officers; what sticks the sailors get."

A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations of Cincinnati: "No whistling near the sausage stalls."

"Gently the dews are o'er me stealing," as the man said when he had five due bills presented to him at one time.

A gentleman mentioned to a witty friend that he had been caught in the rain, and was wet through. "Are you really wet through?" said the wit. "I was never wet through in my life—never further than my skin."

What class ought never to die with consumption?—Merchants with strong iron chests.

A Dramatic Sweetmeat—Venice Preserved.

"Isn't your bill awfully steep?" inquired a spendthrift of his tailor. "You ought to know best, for it was run up by you," was the cool reply.

Josh Billings says that cod-fish are better than umbrellas to keep you dry.

Good Parlor Game for the Season—Courting.

A Good Sculptor—One who "chisels" his landlord out of his board.

The reason why whales frequent the arctic seas is probably because they supply the "northern lights" with oil.

A young lady in California broke her neck while resisting the attempt of a young man to kiss her. Young ladies should be very careful not to resist such attempts. It is extremely dangerous.

A Nevada City merchant advertises: "Old rags of greenish hue, embellished with Chase's photographs, cheerfully accepted in payment for stock."

How to put down Whisky—Drink it.

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said, "A girl, now, seems all head!" "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. Clever.

"Great heavens!" cried a bar-room bully of Denver City, who shot a stranger for declining to take a drink with him—"Great heavens! am I never to come to Denver without being *obliged* to kill somebody!"

A New York pea-nut vendor declares that "very few people eats more nor a pint a day," and it is therefore supposed that a crisis is approaching.

Take a little wife,
  The prettier the better;
Pat her cheek, and when
  She wants to kiss you—let her.

Keep her in the house—
  There she'll cook your mutton;
Darn your jacket too,
  If she's worth a button.

Never mind the lots
  Of her aunts and cousins;
Ask them to "drop in;"
  Dine them all by dozens.

One of these odd days
  You'll feel full one inch taller,
When you see her hug
  A chopping little squaller.

One of Mark Twain's farmers bought some Bartlett pear-trees, and the next season he took some of the fruit to the tree-dealer: "What kind of pears do you call these?" "Well, I don't know—Button pears, perhaps." "But they grew on one of the trees you sold me for a Bartlett!" "Are you such a fool," was the dealer's convincing rejoinder, "as to suppose that a tree is going to bear Bartlett pears the first year?"

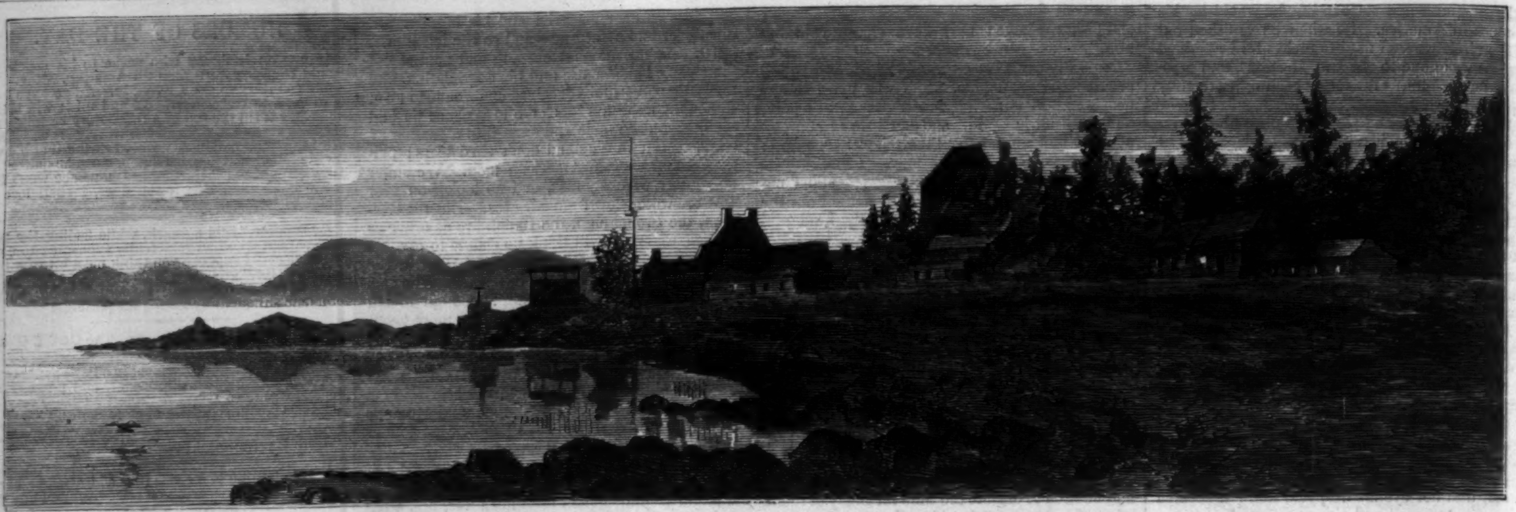
Why can not a deaf man be legally condemned for murder?—Because the law says no man can be condemned without a hearing.

During a fine starlight evening lately, a three-year old philosopher, after a silent and apparently profound scrutiny of the heavens, asked his mother, abruptly, where the stars came from. Mamma replied: "I don't know, Willie—I don't know where the stars came from." "Well, you bet I do. The moon laid 'em." This was a settler for mamma.

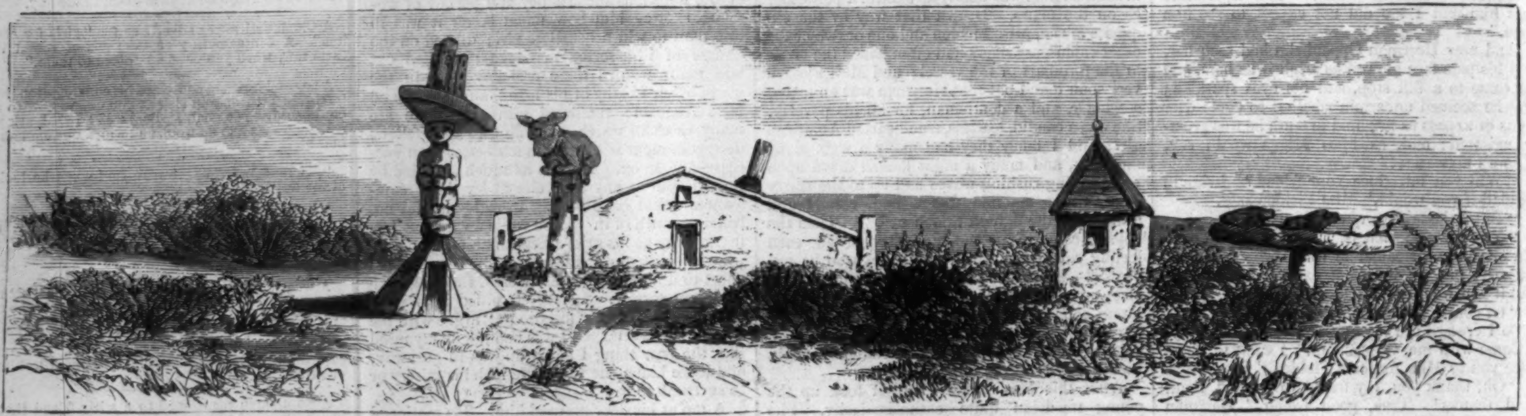
Chicago Fashions—Divorce suits.

The story of a man who had a nose so large that he couldn't blow it without the use of gunpowder is said to be a hoax.

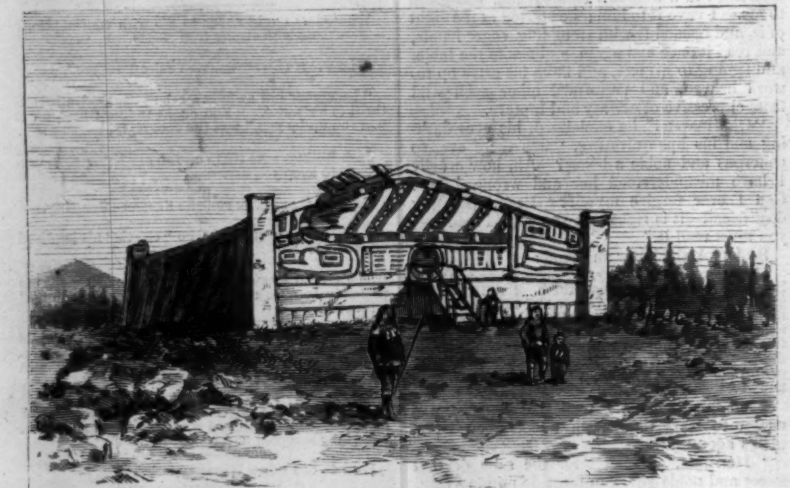
Centenarian—A fellow who has "nary a cent."



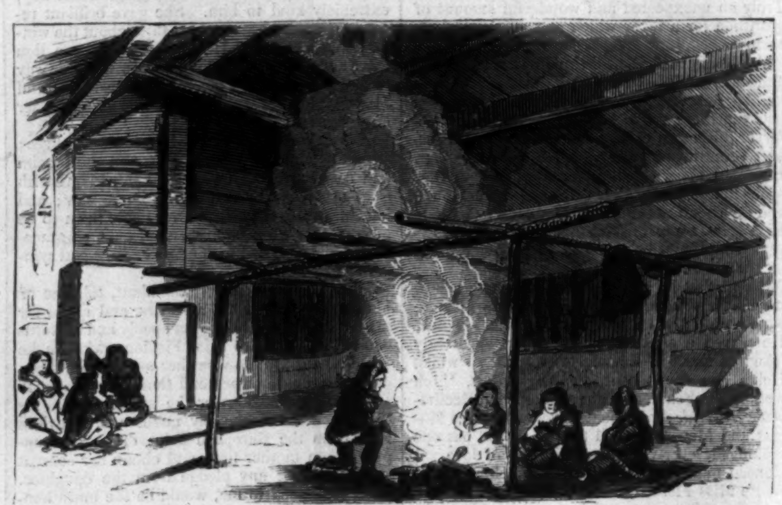
THE UNITED STATES MILITARY POST AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—From a Sketch by Vincent Colyer.—[See Page 125.]



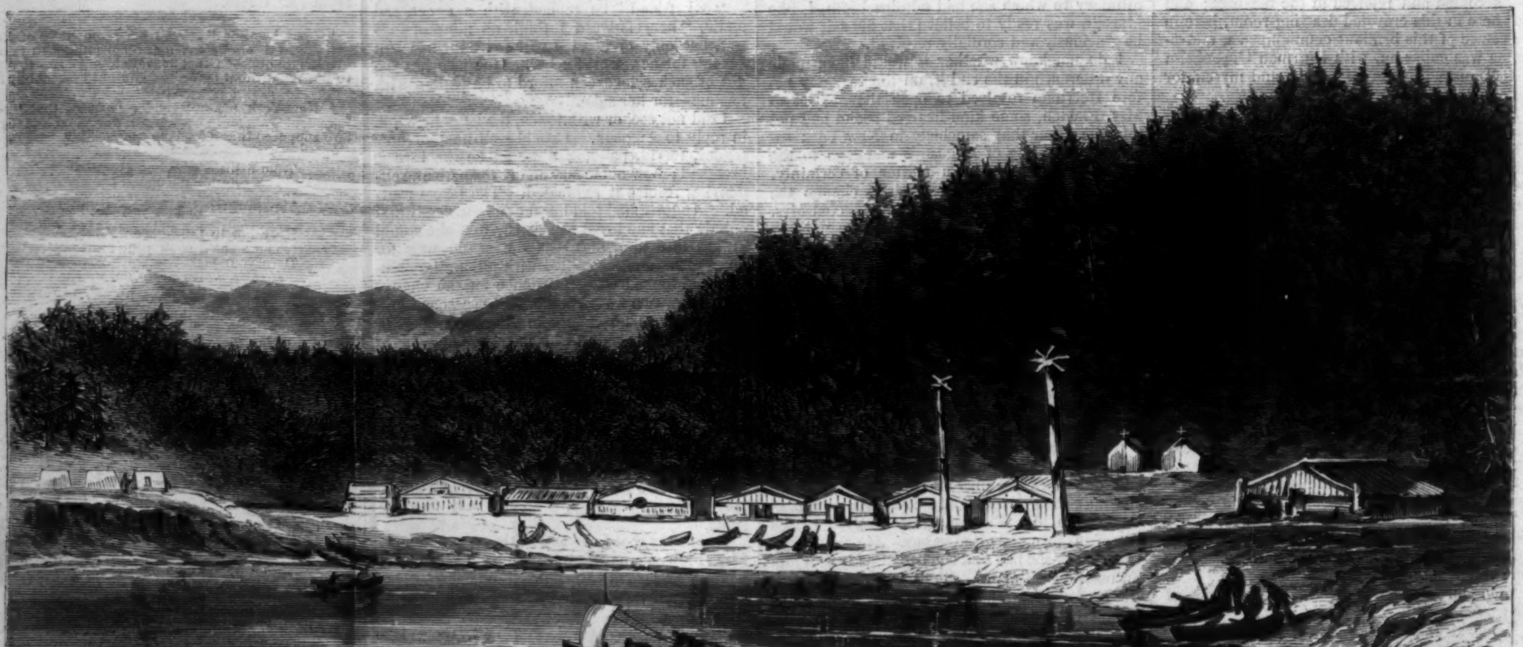
INDIAN HOUSE AND MONUMENTS AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[From a Sketch by Vincent Colyer.]



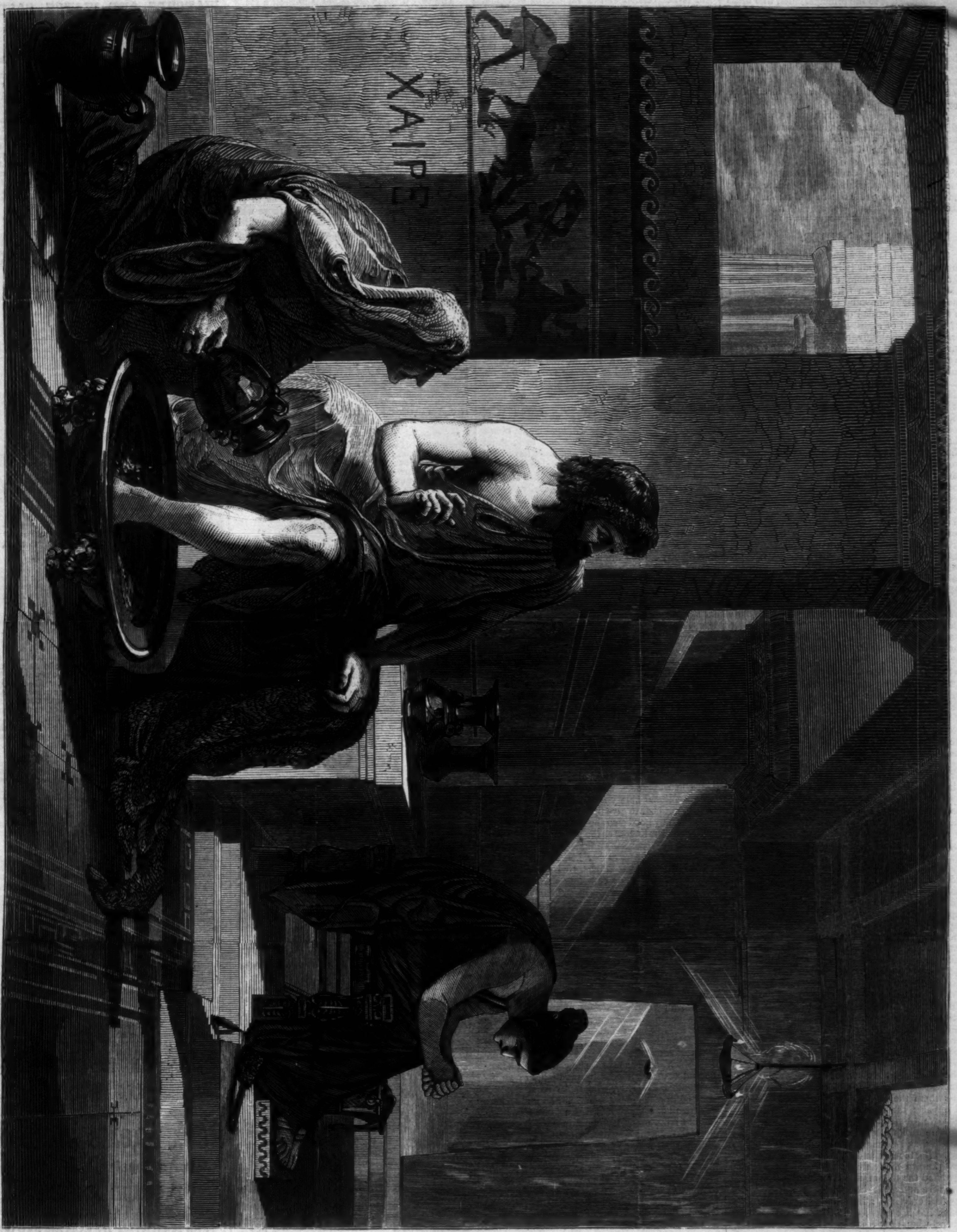
A CHIEF'S HOUSE, WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[From a Sketch by Vincent Colyer.]



INTERIOR OF INDIAN HUT, WRANGEL, ALASKA.—[From a Sketch by Vincent Colyer.]



INDIAN VILLAGE AT WRANGEL, ALASKA.—From a Sketch by Vincent Colyer.—[See Page 125.]



ULYSSES AND HIS NURSE.—[From a Painting by Mr. F. T. Goodall.]

ULYSSES AND HIS NURSE.

On this page we give an engraving from an historical painting by Mr. F. T. Goodall, which received the prize gold medal and £50 scholarship from the English Royal Academy at the last biennial competition of the students. The artist, a young man of high promise, is the son of Mr. **Frederick Goodall**, the eminent Academician, and grandson of Mr. **Edward Goodall**, whose engravings of **Turner**'s pictures are so justly celebrated. The subject selected by the Academy for the last competition was drawn from the "Odyssey"—the return of **Ulysses** to his native Ithaca, and his recognition by his old nurse, **Euryclea**, his foster-mother. Readers of **Homer** will not require to be told how dramatic is this situation, and our engraving will convey some idea of how faithfully the poet's description has been realized by the young painter. **Ulysses**, after his twenty years' wandering, had at last landed at Ithaca, assuming the disguise of a beggar in order to take revenge on the insolent suitors, and thus deceiving his faithful **Penelope**; he had given her a fictitious account of his adventures, assuring her that he had formerly entertained her husband in Crete, describing his person and dress, and affirming that his return was certain within a month. Full of gratitude and admiration of the wisdom and gentle manners of the poor guest, **Penelope** had ordered him a bath, with **Euryclea** as attendant. During the performance of this hospitable rite the already aroused suspicions of the old nurse are suddenly changed into certainty at sight of the scar left on **Ulysses**'s leg from a wound received as a youth in a boar-hunt on Mount Parnassus, and which he vainly sought to conceal by turning from the light of the blazing fire. The stern enjoinder of **Ulysses** on his foster-mother to preserve the secret she had surprised, lest she should discover him to **Penelope** and mar his plot of vengeance, brings us to the moment selected for representation. The situation is rendered by Mr. **Goodall** with great dramatic effect. The accessories are well considered, and harmonize admirably with the principal group.

SKETCHES IN ALASKA.

On page 124 will be found a series of interesting sketches by **Vincent Colyer**, in and around the Indian village at Wrangel, Alaska, which was recently bombarded by the military commandant at that post. The settlement, he informs us, was a well-built village of about thirty-five houses, and contained 450 inhabitants, men, women, and children. The houses were built of hewn timber, 30 by 50 feet, well morticed together, and were subdivided into smaller apartments for families. Mr. **Colyer** explains that the village was only about 500 yards from the post, of which we give an engraving, and as there were not over seventy-five able-bodied men in the village, it is certainly remarkable that the commandant of the post, who had a company of well-armed soldiers under his orders, should resort to bombardment, instead of taking a squad of men and making arrests. The villagers, Mr. **Colyer** thinks, will now be afraid to occupy their houses again for the winter, and will be great sufferers by this act of the commandant.

Our sketch of the house of the Indian chief shows the style of architecture employed in the better class of dwellings in the village. It belonged to a chief named **Stillat**, and at the time of the bombardment was occupied by his widow. The front is curiously ornamented with paint and rude carving. In the vicinity of the house belonging to the principal chief, who bears the name of "Snake," are various carved objects of grotesque shape and rude workmanship, which are shown in our engraving. One of these figures is that of a bear reposing on a stump, the holes in the sides being supposed to represent his tracks. On the platform on the right of the picture rest the figures of three colossal frogs. The small building near the platform is a burial-place or tomb.

The village, as our engraving shows, was beautifully situated on the shore, within the edge of the forest, with a magnificent back-ground of mountains in the distance. The inhabitants were quiet, honest, and well-disposed toward the whites, and it is very much to be regretted that the commandant of the post should not have been more judicious in his treatment of them.

OLD LADIES.

THE world is notoriously unjust to its veterans, and above all it is unjust to its ancient females. Every where, and from all time, an old woman has been taken to express the last stage of uselessness and exhaustion; and while a meeting of bearded dotards goes by the name of a council of sages, and its deliberations are respected accordingly, a congregation of palsied matrons is nothing but a congregation of old women, whose thoughts and opinions on any subject whatsoever have no more value than the chattering of so many magpies. In fact, the poor old ladies have a hard time of it; and if we look at it in its right light, perhaps nothing proves more thoroughly the coarse flavor of the world's esteem respecting women than this disdain which they excite when they are old. And yet what charming old ladies one has known at times—women quite as charming in their own way at seventy as their grand-daughters are at seventeen, and all the more so because they have no design now to be charming, because they have given up the attempt to please for the reaction of praise, and long since have consented to become physically old, though they have never drifted into impersonableness or neglect. While retaining the intellectual vivacity and active sympathies of maturity, they have added the softness, the mellowness, the tempering got only from experience and advancing age; they are women who have seen and known and read a great deal, and who have suffered much, but whose sorrows have neither hardened nor soured them—rather have made them even more sympathetic with the sorrows of others, and pitiful for all the young. They have lived through and lived down all their own trials, and have come out into peace on the other side; but they remember the trials of the fiery passage, and they feel for those who have still to bear the pressure of the pain they have overcome. These are not women much met with in society; they are of the kind which mostly stays at home, and lets the world come to them. They have done with the hurry and glitter of life, and they no longer care to carry their gray hairs abroad; they retain their hold on the affections of their kind, they take an interest in the history, the science, the progress of the day, but they rest tranquil and content by their own fireside, and they sit to receive, but do not go out to gather. The fashionable old lady who haunts the theatres and drawing-rooms, bewiggled, befrizzled, painted, ghastly in her vain attempts to appear young, hideous in her frenzied clutch at the pleasures melting from her grasp, desperate in her wild hold on a life that is passing away from her so rapidly, knows nothing of the quiet dignity and happiness of her ancient sister who has been wise enough to renounce before she lost. In her own house, where gather a small knot of men of mind and women of character, where the young bring their perplexities and the mature their deeper thoughts, the dear old lady of ripe experience and loving sympathies and cultivated intellect holds a better court than is known to any of those miserable old creatures who prowl about the gay places of the world, and wrestle with the young for their crowns and garlands—those wretched *simulacra* of womanhood who will not grow old and who can not become wise. She is the best kind of old lady extant, answering to the matron of classic times—to the Mother in Israel before whom the tribes made obeisance in token of respect; the woman whose book of life has been well studied and closely read, and kept clean in all its pages. She has been no prude, however, and no mere idealist. She must have been wife, mother, and widow; that is, she must have known many things of joy and grief, and have had the fountains of life unsealed. However wise and good she may be, as a spinster she has had only half a life; and it is the best half which has been denied her. How can she tell others, when they come to her in their troubles, how time and a healthy will have wrought with her, if she has never passed through the same circumstances? Theoretic comfort is all very well, but one word of experience goes beyond volumes of counsel based on general principles and a lively imagination.

One type of old lady, growing yearly scarcer, is the old lady of Radical political tendencies based on the doctrines of Voltaire and Paine's *Rights of Man*—the old lady who talks of the French Revolution as if it was yesterday, and who has heard so often of the Porteus mob from poor papa that one would think she had assisted at the hanging herself. She is an infinitely old woman, for the most part bird-like, chirrupy, and wonderfully alive. She has never gone beyond her early teaching, but is a fossil Radical of the old school. She is an irreligious old creature, and scoffs with more cleverness than grace at every thing new or earnest; she would as lief see Romanism rampant at once as this new-fangled mummery they call Ritualism; and Romanism is her version of the unchaining of Satan. As for science—well, it is all very wonderful, but more wonderful she thinks than true; and she can not quite make up her mind about the spectroscope or the protoplasm. Of the two, the protoplasm commends itself most to her imagination, for private reasons of her own connected with the Pentateuch; but these things are not so much in her way as Voltaire and Diderot, Volney and Tom Paine, and she is content to abide by her ancient loves, and to leave the leaping-poles of science to younger and stronger hands. And this type of old lady is for the most part an ancient spinster, whose life has worn itself away in the arid deserts of mental doubt and emotional negation. If she ever loved it was in secret, some thin-lipped embodied idea long years ago; but most likely she did not get even to this unsatisfactory length, but contented herself with books and discussions only. If she has ever honestly loved and been loved, perhaps she would have gone beyond doubt, and have learned something holier than a scoff. The old lady of strong instinctive affections, who never reflects and never attempts to restrain her kindly weaknesses, stands at the other end of the scale. She is the grandmother *par excellence*, and spends her life in spoiling the little ones, cramming them with sugar-plums and rich cake, whenever she has the chance, and nullifying mamma's punishments by surreptitious gifts and goodies. She is the dearly-beloved of our childish recollections, and to the last days of our life we cherish the remembrance of the kind old lady with her beaming smile, taking out of her large black reticule, or the more mysterious recesses of her unfathomable pocket, wonderful little screws of paper, which her withered hands thrust into our chubby fists; but we can understand now what an awful nuisance she must have been to the authorities, and how impossible she made it to preserve any thing like discipline and the terrors of the domestic law in the family.

The old lady who remains a mere child to the end, who looks very much like a faded old wax doll with her scanty hair blown out into transparent ringlets, and her jaunty cap bedecked with flowers and gay-colored bows, who can not rise into dignity or true womanliness, who knows nothing, can give no advice, has no sentiment of protection, but on the contrary demands all sorts of care and protection for herself—she, simpering and giggling as if she were fifteen, is by no means an old lady of the finest type. But she is better than the leering old lady who says coarse things, and who, like Béranger's immortal creation, passes her time in regretting her plump arms and her well-turned ankle, and the lost time that can never be recalled, and who is altogether a most unedifying old person, and by no means nice company for the young. Then there is the irascible old lady, who rates her servants, and is free with full-flavored epithets against sluts in general; who is like a tigress over her last unmarried daughter, and, when crippled and disabled, still insists on keeping the keys, which she delivers up when wanted only with a snarl and a suspicious caution. She has been one of the race of active housekeepers, and has prided herself on her exceptional ability that way for so long that she can not bear to give up, even when she can no longer do any good; so she sits in her easy-chair, and gnaws her fingers at the younger world which passes her by. She is an infliction to her daughter for all the years of her life, and to the last keeps her in leading-strings, tied up as tight as the sinewy old hands can knot them; treating her always as an irresponsible young thing that needs both guidance and control, though the girl has passed into the middle-aged woman by now—a poor spiritless thing that has faded before she has fully blossomed, and dies like a fruit that has dropped from the tree before it has ripened. Twin-sister to this kind is the grim female become ancient; the gaunt old lady with a stiff back-bone, who sits upright, and walks with a firm tread like a man; a leathery old lady, who despises all your weak slips of girls that have nerves and headaches and can not walk their paltry mile without fatigue; a desiccated old lady, large-boned and lean, without an ounce of superfluous fat about her, with keen eyes yet, with which she boasts that she can thread a needle and read small print by candle-light; an indestructible old lady, who looks as if nothing short of an earthquake would put an end to her. The friend of her youth is now a stout, soft, helpless old lady, much bedraped in woolen shawls, given to frequent sippings of brandy and water, and ensconced in the chimney-corner like a huge clay figure set to dry. For her the indestructible old lady has the supremest contempt, heightened in intensity by a vivid remembrance of the time when they were friends and rivals. Ah, poor Laura, she says, straightening herself—she was always a poor creature, and see what she is now! To those who wait long enough the wheel always comes round, she thinks; and the days when Laura bore away the bell from her for grace and sweetness and lovableness generally are avenged now, when the one is a mere mollusk and the other has a serviceable back-bone that will last for many a year yet. Then there is the musical old lady, who is fond of playing small anonymous pieces of a jiggy character, full of queer turns and shakes, music that seems all written in demi-semiquavers, and that she gives in a tripping, catching way, as if the keys of the piano were hot. Sometimes she will sing, as a great favor, old-world songs that are almost pathetic for the thin and broken voice that chirrups out the sentiment with which they abound; and sometimes, as a still greater favor, she will stand up in the dance, and do the poor uncertain ghosts of what were once steps, in the days when dancing was dancing, and not the graceless lounge it is now. But her dancing-days are over, she says, after half a dozen turns; though sometimes she takes a frisky fit, and pays for it next day.

The very dress of old ladies is in itself a study and a revelation of character. There are the beautiful old women who make themselves like old pictures by a profusion of soft lace and tender grays; and the stately old ladies who affect rich rustling silks and sombre velvet; and there are the original and individual old ladies, who dress themselves after their own kind, like Mrs. Basil Montagu and Miss Jane Porter, and have a *cachet* of their own, with which fashion has nothing to do. And there are the old women who wear rusty black stuffs and ugly helmet-like caps; and those who affect uniformity and going with the stream, when the fashion has become national; and these have been much exercised of late with the chignons and the new bonnets. But Providence is liberal, and the milliners are fertile in resources. In fact, in this as in all other sections of humanity, there are those who are beautiful and wise, and those who are foolish and unlovely; those who make the best of things as they are, and those who make the worst, by treating them as something they are not; those who extract honey, and those who find only poison. For in old age, as in youth, are to be found beauty, use, grace, and value, but in different aspects and on another platform altogether; and the folly is when this difference is not allowed for, or when the possibility of these graces is denied and their utility ignored.

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Such being the fact, then if, in place of this large amount of practically-needless gold, a baser metal be substituted, the cost will be proportionately lessened, while the strength, solidity, and beauty of the case remains intact.

On the other hand, large numbers of gold watches are made and sold with cases so fragile, in order to reduce their cost to the lowest point, as to be almost unserviceable, and, in fact, many become entirely so after a few months' constant use—the covers having become sprung, so as not to shut, or stay shut; the joints or hinges breaking out, or the heads and a portion of the centre rim tearing away, the gold having become so extremely thin as not to afford substance enough to allow of the edges being soldered together (or if such repairs can be made, it is only at the expense of the beauty of the case); and with the dents and mars that with the greatest care are continually accumulating—the wearer knows not how or when they come—they gradually become so battered and unsightly as to be any thing but an object of pride or pleasure.

Now if these cases had been stiffened with a lining of baser metal, the cost would have been little if any more, the need of costly repairs would have been avoided, and they would have remained handsome and undefaced for years, to the great advantage of both watches and owners.

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